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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 22, 1898. NUMBER 17.

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The mighty wrought thro' the ages,
They plowed with the lance,
They sowed with the bow,
They reaped with the sword.
But bitter the fruit of their tillage,
The truce of the crushed,
The peace of the strong.

In all the garnered years
One starlit night,
In all the ways of earth,
One lowly byre is bright.

There, where the frosty breath of kine
Arose as incense at the shrine,
In human mother's love and pain
An humble little child was born,
Who saw beyond the prophets' ken,
Who made the gentle message plain,
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

The peace of slave and crown,
The peace of weak and strong,
Wide as the sky above,
As long as time is long,
The peace of God came down,
The peace of Love.

WILLIAM KENT.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

UNITY

A Weekly Journal of Religion without dogma and Civics without partisan bias.

Holding that there is no panacea for civic ills, but that through honest and intelligent effort the advance must be made.

Believing that the religious need of the hour is a working code of ethics that will lead to the uplifting of humanity.

The official bulletin of the Congress of liberal Religion.

Its aim will be to speak the true and timely word for "All of us" in matters of Church and State.

Great care will be used in the literary features. No large promises are made. But this number is respectfully submitted as a sample of what will follow.

Subscription rates $2 per year. A special rate will be given to clubs of 10 or more subscribers who send in their subscriptions together.

No premiums will be given.

Alfred C. Clark & Co.,

Publishers,

185 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1898. NUMBER 17.

Announcement.

As UNITY has stood for twenty years for the cause of religion without dogma, until the dawn of religious appreciation and sympathy, that wiped out creed and racial lines in the recent Parliament of Religion and its successors, so it now steps forth upon a larger platform to fight for civic integrity.

There is no panacea for civic ills, any more than in any creed is there salvation. The hard old road of honest striving is the only road that leads humanity upward. It is the same old road in Church and State. The new Church and the new State are inseparable, because they are the same thing. There are no short cuts in civics or in religion.

The editors respectfully place this number in the hands of old friends and new as a sample of what is to follow.

Coöperation has been promised by many of our best thinkers, some of whom have joined us as associate editors.

As in the past, we will publish an honest paper, a free paper, and we believe a paper good from every standpoint.

We revert to the old name UNITY without qualifying adjectives. It is a big word, fraught with the biggest of ideas, too big to suggest sectarianism in these days of the destruction of boundary fences.

We wish and need the help of those who hold to the simple essentials that go to make up character in private and public life.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
WILLIAM KENT.

It is a great satisfaction to the senior editor of this paper to present to our readers the name of William Kent, who is to share with him the editorial responsibilities, perplexities and privileges. Mr. Kent is no stranger to our columns. In Chicago his name is synonymous with civic integrity and municipal reform. During the two years he served in the common council he was a leader among the ethical objectors. The few who stood with him in the early days of the battle have now grown into a multitude. Further introduction is not necessary. The vigor of his pen, the valor of his spirit and the quality of his culture will soon be apparent in these columns. In the coming of Mr. Kent UNITY will lose no old friends and will make a host of new ones. It is another invitation for coöperation, another reason why it is worth while to push on.

It is the nature of all protestantism to destroy itself. The highest success that can await a protest is that which will render it unnecessary. In so far as the Protestant sects of Christendom were called into being as a protest to the abuses and absurdities of existings forms and organizations, they are in the nature of things self-terminating. When the abuses and absurdities cease the cause of the protest is removed. This is why we continue to reiterate that religious analysis, ethical dissection and ecclesiastical divisions are but passing means to the greater end of coöperation, Catholicism, unity. It is an important question in every community how to organize the liberal and progressive elements into a church hospitable to such, but it is a greater question how to bring the liberal and progressive elements in existing churches together and teach them the higher coöperation, lead them into the nobler synthesis of universal religion.

John Riley Tanner is being mentioned as a candidate for the Senate of the United States. If that is a joke, it is a poor one. In addition to being a weak attempt at humor it borders on the objectionable. It is not the kind of joke that befits a decent publication or decent people. If it is intended seriously the rumor exhibits in the brain of its originator a mental state far beneath imbecility. If the United States Senate deserves to be punished for misdeeds we might turn into it the South Fork of the South Branch of our beloved river, but it never deserved John Riley Tanner, the Governor of Illinois.

A writer in the November *Forum* remarks: "The war with Spain has drawn attention to the importance of a ship canal across the isthmus, *now obstructing free communication* between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts." It is surprising that an impertinent, upstart bit of continent should heedlessly break in upon the manifest destiny of our ancient civilization. It will be promptly taught its place. We have also a bitter complaint to lodge against the astronomical laws which deny a suitable climate to our Alaskan possessions. The impudent assumptions of nature must be properly handled. A rider to a tariff bill will probably remedy matters.

The "*Labor Bulletin*," published in Omaha, calls upon its readers not "to drink boycott beer." This is good as far as it goes, but if by some mal-feasance on the part of the brewers their entire output could be boycotted and the indignant labor fraternity was to declare a boycott on the entire outcome of spoiled barley, would it not mark a great advance in the life of the laborer, a splendid increase in the purchasing value of his wages? The necessaries of life, bread, books and clothing, would be his more abundantly. Will not some statistician show us to what extent financially the laboring men of America might improve their condition, if they only boycotted the output of the great beer trusts, the arrogant encroachments of the baron brewers?

One thousand five hundred islands, representing one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, with a population of nine million, is the estimated gain of the United States in the recent treaty which was consummated on the 10th inst. All this for twenty million dollars, for we are told it is a "purchase" and not a "conquest." If these figures are correct, as given by the *Independent*, this is paying twenty-six cents per acre, with the inhabitants thrown in, or it is paying two and two-ninths dollars per head for the natives with the acreage thrown in. Whether looked at as a real estate investment or as a traffic in human bodies and souls, without asking leave of the purchased, it presents our government in a light not inspiring to piety or to morals. The civilization we fain would establish can hardly be advanced by purchase or propagated by trade. There is a profound and serious "next thing" to be considered.

In addition to the rules for Christmas shopping, printed elsewhere, something like the following might well be adopted as the ten commandments of the Christmas season:

1. Pay your honest debts before you presume to give much away.
2. Not all of your debts are material. Remember the debts of the Spirit.
3. When you give let it be for love's sake, not with the hope of returns.
4. Be independent of the conventionalities in your giving.
5. Only buy what you can afford.
6. Let your gifts be as lasting as possible.
7. Let your gifts be such as will contribute to the spiritual forces of the world, increase the potency of soul.
8. Do not mistake a permanent duty for a passing privilege. The heights of good-will reached on Christmas day should be the permanent dwelling place of the soul.
9. Do something before you die that will justify your living. If you have any wealth that you cannot take with you out of the world, put it in a place where it will do some work for you in the world after you are gone. See to it that the best in you will be remembered after death, not the cheaper and minor side of your life on earth.
10. Set your house in order when you are at your noblest. Make your will at Christmas time, for then you will be most likely to remember those things most worthy of remembrance.

Our friend "Dooley," the sage of "Archey road," has come to the conclusion that "it is hard to hang an alderman in Chicago." He has always been hearing of this achievement since he has been in Chicago, "man and boy for forty years," and still he has never witnessed the spectacle, so he suggests that it may be more practical to hang the "raypechious widdies and orphans" whose interests some representatives of the city railway corporations are so anxious to guard. We with Mr. Dooley think it decidedly unfair to heap all the ignominy of the miserable Allen bill and the present disreputable attempt to reap the iniquitous fruit thereof in the city council of Chicago, upon the broad shoulders of Yerkes. It is announced that there are some five thousand different shareholders in the various street railway companies that are now trying through the disreputable elements in our city council to secure control of the streets of Chicago for the next fifty years. So far as we have heard only three or four of these shareholders have publicly protested against the procedure and declared their preference for smaller profits and honesty to great gains and crime. While in a recent attempt to secure the endorsement of the real estate board of Chicago to the proposed boodle franchise, among the encouragingly small minority of the business men who were willing to go on record in favor of the iniquitous scheme, appear the names of some men whom Chicago has honored as representatives of culture, integrity and public spirit. Alas! for poor human nature so enslaved by the dollar, so susceptible to percentages. Was it the insight of the Nazarene which enabled him to see the weakness of the human soul in the presence of such subtle temptation that led him to say, "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven?" And yet there is need of such men, men whom riches consecrate and whose consciences are equal to the dollar test.

Christmas Fellowship.

The Christmas message of good-will has so gradually become institutionalized into the celebration of a holiday, and materialized into "presents" that one has to make a distinct effort to remember that what the message proclaimed above all, was fuller human relations and an untrammeled fellowship; that the message implied democracy rather than philanthropy. Each Christmas there is a certain danger that in our effort to "remember the poor" and to appeal to the sympathy which so readily flows at such a time, that we may widen the difference between the "Haves" and "Have nots" and sacrifice real fellowship for the purpose of giving and receiving presents. Let us not acknowledge that we are divided into two classes, even in order to make a plea that the superior class should overlook the differences at Christmas time. To accent in any way the sense of separation even when done in the name of Philanthropy, is to postpone the final realization of the common life.

Gifts without fellowship are doubtful promoters of good-will and may only increase misunderstanding. Let us be careful, for instance, that the "Poor child" may not come to be considered a legitimate factor of Christmas, so that the highest altruistic flavor of the season may not be attained without him. The children from favored homes and kindergartens are often allowed to look on while poor children enjoy the good things which have been provided. Doubtless a sense of class on both sides is developed, innocent priggishness on one side, and a conviction on the other that all rich children have fur muffs and more candy than they can eat. The writer recalls one well-dressed little boy who was severely reproved by his mother when he naturally ate some of the candy which he had brought to the children who were eating it all around him. The perfectly spontaneous attempt at fellowship was crushed with the remark "that only a

greedy little boy would take candy away from poor children." His natural wails of disappointment and chagrin brought his guests about him with offers of candy in various degrees of moisture and stickiness, but all their offers were promptly repressed by the philanthropic parent, who was carefully, though all unconsciously, substituting "charity" for kindliness and good-will. One Christmas at Hull House a number of little girls refused the candy which was offered them as part of the Christmas good cheer, saying simply, that they "worked in a candy factory and could not bear the sight of it." During the Christmas rush they had worked from seven in the morning until nine at night and they were exhausted as well as satiated. The candy offered them had been sent to Hull House by some favored children who had been properly taught to share it, but were allowed to do so without companionship.

To allow some children to be overworked in candy factories and other children to feel that they belong to a distinct class and fulfill the whole duty of man when they give to the poor, seems scarcely the sensible way of promoting good-will and ultimate understanding. Every friend of poor people has had experience with the difficulty of arousing interest on their behalf among the comfortable who have ruined their conception of life by sensational stories. There are tales which recklessly over-state and hold up the exceptional as the habitual until they break down all the kindly relation which experience has been slowly building up. In order to excite pity for one poor family the newspapers will willingly degrade all humanity in the minds of the benevolent in the community, until at last the statement that the poor lose fifty per cent of their children does not seem startling, if they die quietly in their beds and are not frozen and starved. Let us be careful that we do not in a more subtle way work havoc with the sympathetic mind of childhood and substitute our made-up philanthropy for the natural democratic relation which every child spontaneously claims. I have seen even tiny children so besotted by sentimental pictures that they were surprised that "poor little children had shoes," supposing them barefooted in midwinter.

To bring up a child without opportunity to know all sorts of people without a chance to meet naturally the son of a workingman and the daughter of the woman who washes his clothes, is to rear him improperly and this defect of education cannot be made up by a dose of philanthropy annually at Christmas. Patriotism as taught in our schools is fast becoming an abstraction; to be patriotic is to salue a flag or to sing "America," rather than to feel responsible for the condition of the public school and its grounds, which may later lead to the same sense of responsibility in regard to the public streets and community duties.

If in our eagerness to promote patriotism we have institutionalized it and made it remote from actual living, let us see to it that this great leveler and promoter of right relations, the fellowship which the Christmas season brings, be kept normal and vital.

Hull House. JANE ADDAMS.

Christmas Morality.

The following "open letter," sent through the ministers of Chicago to their congregations by the Illinois Consumers' League, tells its own story. Surely the developments of history are not all on the straight line forward. The Christ-spirit that finds it more blessed to give than to receive, when elaborated into the commercialism of the Christmas holiday trade, embodies itself into a spirit of quite another kind. It is the golden harvest of the retail trade, the climax of the commercial spirit. We publish it as an index of the most benignant spirit of Christmas. May it hasten the coming of that era of good-will of which the yule tide is simply a prophecy.

Rev. Sir: We are asking all the settled ministers in the city of Chicago to read the accompanying appeal from their pulpits next Sunday, and asking them further to arrange beforehand with some members of their congregations to receive the signatures of those who are willing to cooperate with us in this matter. It is the pathetic irony of history that this holy festival of the Child should become the season when little children are overtaxed and underpaid. If the season of the Christ-child means anything to us except a season for commercial profit and material trafficking in gifts, it should quicken us with a care for all the little ones and give us that tender anxiety for the happiness of childhood that will enable us to do what we can toward preventing the season becoming one of unthinking cruelty to the very children who should enlist our sympathy and care.

The Christmas shopping is entirely in the hands of women, and it is to supply their demands that employers are obliged to overwork their employes. In the retail departments all the employes are harassed and overtired, even in the stores which close at six o'clock.

In the unpacking rooms, unseen by shoppers, men and boys work until midnight. In the delivery rooms clerks work to the point of exhaustion, in order that the goods sold in the late afternoon may be delivered that night. Deliverymen are out the days before Christmas until eleven o'clock at night who have left their stables at seven in the morning, and this overworking of men, women and children is a part of the celebration of the birth of the Christ.

Christmas shopping has become a Christmas scandal, entailing untold suffering. Some employers are more humane than others. Those that close at six o'clock should be specially encouraged. The Consumers' League is endeavoring to establish a consumers' standard, and makes the following suggestions to shoppers that they may encourage standard houses.

Children—A Standard House is one in which no child is allowed to work after six o'clock in the evening, and the requirements of the child labor law are all complied with.

Wages—A Standard House is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value, irrespective of sex. In the departments where women only are employed, the minimum wages are six dollars per week, for adult workers of six months' experience, and fall in few instances below eight dollars.

In which fines, if imposed, are paid into a fund for the benefit of the employes.

In which the minimum wages of cash-girls and boys are two dollars and a quarter per week, with the same conditions regarding fines.

Hours—A Standard House is one in which the hours from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. (with not less than three-quarters of an hour for lunch) constitute the working day.

In which seats are provided for saleswomen and the use of seats not prohibited.

In which all overtime work is compensated by wages.

The League also strongly urges on all shoppers to adopt the five following simple rules which, if faithfully observed, will mitigate much of the suffering incident to overwork, and will educate public opinion:

1. Shop early.
2. Go shopping with classified lists.
3. Only do the necessary shopping before Christmas.
4. Do not ask to have parcels delivered the same day.
5. Do not receive goods delivered after 7 p. m.

Very respectfully yours,

ILLINOIS CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

Chicago, December 9, 1898.

Mrs. Chas. Henrotin, President.
Mrs. K. R. Smoot, First Vice-President.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Second Vice-President.
Miss M. Gay, Secretary.

The Traction Fight.

The complete extinction in the council of the Chicago traction franchises marks the longest step yet taken toward municipal regeneration. It is significant that Chicago has a mayor who takes his stand on the side of public rights as against private grabs. Chicago is not accustomed to that kind of mayor. It is more significant that Chicago has elected enough absolutely unpurchasable aldermen to make the position of the mayor secure.

These men are the heroes of the fight. They have withstood the most insidious forms of bribery and perversion. They have held firm to their standard of honest manhood in a community given over to commercialism, in a council chamber permeated with undetected and unpunished corruption.

Their children may well be proud of these men, who have kindled a light in a dark place. But more significant, infinitely more prophetic of civic welfare is the resumption by the people of Chicago of their rights under the theory of representative government. Aldermen, after all, are like other men, some having great force of character and stout spinal columns. Some are carefully selected criminals, while the major portion even of the "gang" are men to whom their atmosphere and surroundings give the tone of their public acts and their private lives. The weak man, the average man, in fact, cannot bear up against the traditions of the city hall unless sustained by the vigilant interest of his constituents. Good intentions, public promises, written pledges, cannot sustain the average man in a contest with boodle and hard liquor. And thus it has happened that year after year men of previously good lives have gone down to the shambles of corruption, simply because their people paid no heed. The reform began among the well to do; the "silk-stocking" wards first inaugurated the custom of sending a higher class of representatives and watching them with jealous interest.

From these wards where the stocks and bonds of the quasi-public corporations were held come most of the men who have voted faithfully for public rights, often against the interest of their friends. These are the wards that have furnished the "Socialists," so-called, who believe the public has rights in public property.

But the labor wards, as a rule, have been heedless and careless, the citizens most affected by public pillage have cared little what their alderman did or made, if only he were their errand boy. And herein is the significance of this public uprising, that the whole people have been stirred to indignation and resentment, that a sentiment against government by purchase has at length been aroused among those who heretofore have neither understood nor cared. These same aldermen of the "gang," with the exception of the "selected criminals," need only a clean local atmosphere.

They would be honest public servants in any community where public honesty was the rule. Not threats of personal violence have held them to their duty, but the irresistible pressure of their own people. Not the stand of the mayor, not the fortitude of the exceptional men in the council minority, is the feature of this great civic victory, but the uplift, to the responsibilities of citizenship, of those who have heretofore but diluted, if they did not degrade, the polling lists of Chicago.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Mr. William W. McGee, vice-president of the National Geographic Society, in the *National Geographic Magazine*, gives us one of the best articles ever written from an historical point of view, concerning the progress and growth of the United States. Instead of fearing expansion, he says: "Apart from the events of 1898, one of the striking features of American history has been almost unparalleled territorial expansion, with quite unparalleled territorial assimilation. And viewed in the light of this history, the comparatively slight expansion of 1898 marks the resumption of a career, temporarily checked by a combination of circumstances." He says that, "With a real addition, national enterprise found a curb removed, and sprang spontaneously to meet the new tasks and new problems presented by the new territory."

I do not know a better illustration in recent literature of the inter-dependence of individuals and peoples, than this passage, which I find in "Moral Evolution," by Professor George Harris of Andover Theological Seminary. He says: "If a cross-section, showing a single day in the life of a civilized man, could be exposed, it would disclose the services of a multitude of helpers. When he rises, a sponge is placed in his hand by a Pacific Islander, a cake of soap by a Frenchman, a rough towel by a Turk. His merino underwear he takes from the hand of a Spaniard, his linen from a Belfast manufacturer, his outer garments from a Binghamton weaver, his scarf from a French silk-grower, his shoes from a Brazilian grazier. At breakfast his cup of coffee is poured by natives of Java and Arabia, his rolls are passed by a Kansas farmer, his beefsteak by a Texas ranchman, his orange by a Florida negro. He is taken to the city by the descendants of James Watt, his messages are carried hither and thither by Edison, the grandson by electrical consanguinity of Benjamin Franklin; his day's stint of work is done for him by a thousand Irishmen in his factory; or he pleads in a court which was founded by ancient Romans, and for the support of which all citizens are taxed; or in his study, at home, he reads books composed by English historians and French scientists, and which were printed by the typographical descendants of Gutenberg. In the evening he is entertained by German singers, who repeat the myths of Norsemen, or by a company of actors who render the plays of Shakespeare; and, finally, he is put to bed by South Americans, who bring hair; by Pennsylvania miners and furnace workers, who bring steel; by Mississippi planters, who bring cotton; or, if he prefers, by Russian peasants, who bring flax, and by Labrador fowlers, who smooth his pillow. A million men, women and children have been working for him that he may have his day of comfort and pleasure. In return he has contributed his mite to add a unit to the common stock of necessaries and luxuries from which the world draws. Each is working for all; all are working for each." Read this over carefully; then go to the polls and vote that American industries must be kept alien and separate from all the industries of the rest of the world, and that American prosperity can, and must, be established at the sacrifice of whatever other industries of other people may come into competition. Did you ever read the prayer of the Georgia planter, who owned half of a negro, before the Civil War? "God bless me, and my wife, and my half of Cuffy."

A good thing from the Catholic quarter is the following from the Catholic Total-Abstinence Union: "To copy German systems into the armies of the United States, to the point of steeping the American soldier in beer, is Cahenslyism, with a vengeance. We

protest against Germanizing and debauching the American army to satisfy the greed of our brewer politicians. Will the present investigating committee investigate the rôle which foreign drinking customs are playing in demoralizing our army? Army chaplains are praying for the mustering out of the soldiers as the only way to save a fraction of the morals of the men. In the emergency of another war, the best friends of any sober young man will hardly encourage him to fight for the country, unless the army be kept on the American plan. If the work of foreignizing everything American be kept up, at the present rate, there will remain eventually an American territory, but no American people and no American institution." All of which needs no comment that any sensible reader will not make for himself.

Merry Christmas.

In the roar of the world's busy hive
There is better for some than to "thrive."
There are songs in the chill winter air;
They summon to do and to dare—
"Peace on earth unto men of good will!"
Above all the pain and the ill,
Merry Christmas!

O, angels who voiced the high dream
That had birth beside Galilee's stream!
The cross was not far from the song,
And the thorns to high dreams still belong!
But, O, God! the exuberant thrill
In the soul of all men of good will!
Merry Christmas!

JAMES H. WEST.

Christmas.

When Christmas comes 'tis springtide of our love,
The miracle of man's unbounded might
To set the winter world at once aright,
And his divineness by his kindness prove;
The drear and dark he doth like morn remove,
And bring to every home the pure and bright;
We share the earth with all a child's delight,
And in the man we see the lamb and dove!
O, why but for a day this joy supreme,
The glad outpouring of our native truth,
When all around doth so celestial seem,
So sanctified, so strong with endless youth?
The Christmastide of human thought and cheer,
Should circle like the sun, the golden year!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A Chrismas Refrain.

Flow back! flow back, O Christmas tide!
Stretch out for me the short Divide
Between a numbed heart's muffled knells,
And the sweet peal of Christmas bells!

Dear hands, still hands, year after year,
With mine you wrought for loving cheer!
Together, never missing one,
Till now. Now, mine are all undone.

Dear lips! still lips! that first of all
In Love's sweet name rung out the call
When each new cycle's end was come.
Mine, to respond. *Now* mine are dumb.

Dear heart! still heart, that beat for me,
So fast, so warm, I cannot see
Our broken circle, missing one,
And say with grace, "Thy will be done!"

But soul! free soul! so far, so near,
Somehow, somewhere, you still can hear,
And I can feel, the message sweet,
That makes the circle still complete.

My hands reach out, to clasp the hands
Of those, as I, who mourn the bands
Of love unclasped; with them to bide
The Spirit's dawn of Christmastide.

FRANCES B. DUNNING.

Out Doors.

William Kent.

'Tis a big place out doors, that belongs to everybody, and in it are a number of things to be had for the seeing. And as everyone sees different things and as the same things are different things to different seers there is a plenty to make us all rich.

True we cannot see into the ground where the dead people are, and the past, and although we may think we can see up into the sky where the unborn and the future live, it's not much we get there after all, only sunshine and cloud and moon and a few little stars, but somehow we know it's all right.

And when we look out ahead, we soon reach the edge of things, then to see more we must toil along until the edge creeps on to include new things that other people see.

Some that are wise climb great mountains where they find the view widen out, and some go up in balloons and bring back such queer pictures that we don't quite know whether they are prophets or just crazy.

Sometimes when we look up, the raindrops fall in our faces, and often dust blows in our eyes, and the sun is too bright, but if we are brave we know it's all a part of out-doors, and out-doors is a good place, tho' we never can understand much of it.

For in out-doors amid the sun and the rain we find the flowers of human love which all understand without a botany book. And the more we see, the more we feel that out-doors means something good for man and for men and for animals and plants and things.

Let us look into this financial question of "capitalization," that we may realize how "securities" are manufactured. Without such knowledge we can never sufficiently esteem the "liberty of the press." That mighty organ which gives impartial utterance to sayings of the wise and great and the debenture bonds of Yerkes.

After we have spent a little time in investigation, we will accept as a true word the dictum of the gambler and the bunko man that "once each moment with startling regularity is a customer born." And first of all to give the traction companies a rest let us consider the Chicago breweries.

In 1889 there were in Chicago a large number of independent breweries making fair beer and moderate profits and not going out of their way to create drunkards. Something had to be done to relieve such an unwholesome situation, so they were consolidated, and in view of such action there was put forth a large circulating library of preferred and common shares, with some *editions de luxe* in the way of founders' shares and other evidences of misplaced anglo-mania. To the disappointment of purchasers of these issues, the business was discovered not to justify such liberal use of the printing press, so a campaign was organized, with a view to creating custom and lowering quality.

Men who could be trusted in the dark with a cash register were everywhere backed and encouraged to go into "business." They were furnished large tin signs, rows of bottles, plates of stale liver, mirrors in which customers could see one or more images of their faces, a couple of kegs, and a dirty towel each to mop off the bar. Rent was guaranteed. In consideration whereof the "proprietor" gave a chattel mortgage on everything in and out of sight and a solemn pledge to tap nothing but combination beer, and to spread the gospel of the growler through the district. It was then discovered that the ingredients used in

the old system of brewing were unnecessary and expensive. Corn and other overlooked possibilities gave stronger results and opportunities for more liberal use of lake or river water. If the capitalization of the combine is ever justified it will be because it has vastly lowered the cost of its product by the use of inferior ingredients and created new demand.

That capitalization seeks to make itself good by corroding the digestive organs of present beer drinkers, and by the creation of all possible consumers in the rising generation. The glad spread of dyspepsia, kidney trouble and drunkenness may yet save the innocent purchaser of brewery stock.

The fat cat show was perfectly lovely. The society cat has been evolved to fill a long-left want. Some women must cherish some things that are useless and base. There are not always in stock a sufficient supply of condemned murderers, dudes, rakes or matinee actors, and pug dogs are inadequate in number. But the society cat can be propagated in practically unlimited quantities, and it is well. It is better that the society cat show should be petted into a pulp than that children should be so ruined. It is better that the society cat should be fed into a state of frequent fits than that the hopefuls of our best families should be so treated. If women must adore something mean, treacherous and utterly worthless, it is well that they should cultivate the society cat and give their children a chance to grow up unspoiled.

The Cat is a fitful friend of man
That dotes on custard pie,
Far too well mannered to frown or smile
On finding a cooked fly.

Best Current Poetry.

CONCERNING KIPLING.

In the dim dawnlight of the waking world, when life in blindness wrought,
And savage tribes in the uncleared land for food and freedom fought,
There rose a singer among the clans, in the glare of the desert sun,
And he found his home wherever he strayed—for he knew that life is One.

He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor—he sat at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave, and the joy that triumph brings;
But whether to jungle or palace hall or white-walled tent he came,
He was brother to king and soldier and slave—his welcome was the same.

* * * * * * * * * * *

There has risen a singer out of the East, in the clatter and chatter and strife;
The babble of markets and blur of print—the turmoil men call Life.
He came to the task that was set for him; and scarce was that work begun
When he knew that the world is a-building yet—and the power that builds is One.

He knew by the spirit's countersign that Teuton and Celt and Greek,
Kaffir and Pathan and Rajput king, the self-same language speak;
Face to face he has talked with each—they have given him of their best;
He has made his home on the sea and the land, and brought the East to the West.

O singer of men and the hearts of men, you have called the soul by name,
You have followed its path through the changing world. Is it not forever the same?
And whether you travel to northern snows, or the southern sea and sun,
You will find, as you found in the ages past, that the heart of the world is One.

—*The Northern Capital.*

Morning.

I entered once, at break of day,
A chapel, lichen stained and gray,
Where a congregation dozed and heard
An old monk read from a written word.
No light through the window-panes could pass,
For shutters were closed on the rich stained glass;
And in a gloom like the nether night
The monk read on by a taper's light;
Ghostly with shadows, that shrank and grew
As the dim light flared, were aisle and pew;
And the congregation that dozed around,
Listened without a stir or sound—
Save one, who rose with wistful face,
And shifted a shutter from its place.
Then light flashed in like a flashing gem—
For dawn had come unknown to them—
And a slender beam, like a lance of gold,
Shot to the crimson curtain fold,
Over the bended head of him
Who pored and pored by the taper dim;
And it kindled over his wrinkled brow
Such words—"The law which was till now;"
And I wondered that, under that morning ray,
When night and shadow were scattered away,
The monk should bow his locks of white,
By a taper's feebly flickering light—
Should pore, and pore, and never seem
To notice the golden morning beam.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Christmas Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Anniversary Hymn.

O God, who made the eternal hills,
A temple grand, from earliest time—
We worship thee, whose presence fills
All nature with thy power sublime.

Thy truth shines dimly, hid from view
In bibles thick with ancient dust;
Give us to-day thy word anew—
The larger thought, the deeper trust.

We dare to trust thy changeless love,
No creed can turn our hearts to fear;
The law by which the ages move
Will guide our footsteps now and here.

We need no sign nor graven stone
As witness of divinity;
Thy love is proven by our own,
And faith in man is faith in thee.

CARLETON F. BROWN.

The Pulpit.

The Messianic Expectation.

A Christmas Preparation Sermon Delivered at All Souls Church, Chicago, December 18, 1898, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Two quite distinct standpoints are occupied by those who would study this subject. From one standpoint religion comes into the world on the wings of miracle. It is something injected into human life from above. To those occupying this standpoint, the "Messianic Expectation" means that certain members of the Jewish race, endowed with supernatural foresight, anticipated the coming and career of Jesus of Nazareth several centuries before he was born. But when these prophecies were actually fulfilled and Jesus was on the earth moving among men, the descendants of these gifted prophets failed to recognize him that was foretold, hence he was rejected and crucified, and it remained for his followers, members of another race, to discover and verify his credentials embodied in the ancient Hebrew literature. With such the argument runs something like this: The prophets were divinely inspired because they foretold Jesus. Jesus was a supernatural messenger from heaven because he was foretold by the prophets. But this is reasoning in a circle, and the easy circuit must be broken by the introduction of some new factor before the argument holds.

The other view of religion makes it no longer a graft upon but a growth of human nature. Religion is not enlarged by external accretions like a stone, but through internal assimilation, like a tree. From this standpoint Christianity is not a supernatural intervention, but a natural development. Jesus is no longer a foreigner in the human family, but is a native "to the manner born." The Jews become a race among many races, bound by the ties of a common constitution. They are allied to other peoples by common strengths and weaknesses. Under this view the Bible is the literature of a people, reflecting the good and bad in their conduct, the high and low in their thought, and the prophets are the aggressive spokesmen of this people, the leaders of their reforms, the advocates of decency and progress. If we are to understand this Hebrew poetry and to appreciate these venerable Bible fragments, we must disentangle them from the latter conceptions of the theologians and the modern time creeds.

Our inquiry will be along these lines:

1. What was the prediction of these old prophets?
2. How far did these predictions come true?
3. What relation does Jesus, the carpenter's son, bear to these predictions?

1. These Hebrew prophets were grim reformers, stalwart preachers of righteousness, men too much engaged with the evils about them to sink into mere fortune-telling. They were men dissatisfied with the actual, nobly infatuated with the ideal, sick of the present and hungering for a better future. Their prevision then was that which belongs to a faithful heart; their foresight was that which was born of insight. The light of heaven blazed up within them rather than poured down upon them. Says Doctor Bartol: "The prophet finds that within the interior is a firmament that kindles the sparkling vault. Love and conscience are his stars. He is not flung out as a meteor, but unfolded as a flower."

These prophets fit into the analogies of history. Great souls always fit into noble expectations. Splendid helpers always find their resources in the future. The true poet ever sings with Browning,

> "The best is yet to be,"

or with Lowell,

> "There are the mountain-summits for our bards
> Which stretch far upwards into heaven itself,
> And give such widespread and exulting views
> Of hope, and faith, and onward destiny."

The clamor for a more worthy king, the expectation of a great redeemer, a civic savior, while it reached its maximum intensity in these Hebrew prophets, is not peculiar to the Jews. The weary soul of man everywhere leans upon holy anticipation. The discouraged have ever been reassured by the hope that a

> "New day is to spring from underground,
> A better light is to dawn out of the murky darkness."

This is the most natural of all spiritual processes. When the last ounce of strength is expended and hands and feet are bound by what seems an unrelenting fate, still there is a voice in the soul of man that speaks of a power that is wearing away the evil and ushering in the good, aye, it is the power itself that is delivering this message. When sight fails, insight whispers, "Bide your time, help will come." It is the heart of man that pulls at the ropes that set the bells a

> Ringing out the old, ringing in the new—
> Ringing out the want, the care, the sin,
> Ringing in the love of truth and right
> Ringing out the false, ringing in the true,
> Ringing in the common love of good.

The heart of Tennyson was a descendant of the greater heart of the great unknown bard of Judah, who foresaw the servant that,

> "Shall cause laws to go forth to the nations.
> He shall not fail nor become weary,
> Until he shall have established justice on the earth.
> And distant nations shall wait for his law."

This voice told the old Persian prophet that the time was coming when peasant and king would mingle together in social communion. It warned the old Roman that "master and servant would yet change places." Untouched by Hebrew contact and older perhaps than some of the oracles of Jewry, Hindu prophecy predicted a divine incarnation, "a God in the shape of a man, who by his word will establish the reign of truth and justice and will purge the earth of sinners and it will be inebriated with prosperity and gladness." This very day the emaciated devotee of India beats his breast as he passively wears away the hours under the palm trees while he cries,

"When will the Helper come? When will the Deliverer appear?"

Even China, the standstill of the nations, heard long ago a prophetic promise. In her ancient writings we read of a "Golden age hid in the womb of the future." An old commentator on Confucius says:

"We know that the Holy One shall be born upon earth, yet He existed before anything was made. * * * The Holy One will unite in Himself the virtues of heaven and earth. By his justice the world will be re-established in the works of righteousness. He will labor and suffer much. He must pass the great torrent and its waves shall enter his soul."

Another commentator says:

"Common people sacrifice their lives for bread, the philosopher for reputation, the nobility to perpetuate their families, but the Holy One does not seek for Himself, but for the good of others. He enriches others, but impoverishes himself. He dies to save the world."

In the words of the Great Unknown, in the last chapters of Isaiah we come upon the deepest penetration of a great soul who sees the helper traveling over the road of suffering. He realizes that "whoever

causes the nations to exalt him and kings to shut their mouths before him" must be

> "Despised and forsaken of men,
> A man of sorrows and acquainted with disease;
> One from whom men hide their faces,
> Despised and esteemed not.
> He shall bear our diseases,
> And carry our pains,
> And be esteemed as one stricken from above,
> Smitten of God and afflicted."

It is difficult for us not to believe that this writer drew from history this picture of the future, for these lines are pathetically true to the experience of his immediate and great predecessor, the suffering, patient and faithful Jeremiah. Perhaps a thousand years before Jesus was born, Zoroaster taught that "The eternal good would surely triumph, that when the earth seemed most afflicted with evil the prophet would come to succor the distressed and reveal the heavenly light; the Holy One would judge the wicked and the good and would establish universal peace and happiness. At his command bodies shall rise from the grave, souls will know them and will say 'That is my father, or my brother, my wife or my sister;' the wicked will say to the good, 'Wherefore when I was in the world did ye not teach me to act righteously? Oh, ye pure ones, it is because ye have not instructed me that I am excluded from the assembly of the blest.'"

This Messianic dream is a universal attendant upon growing humanity. No race that has yielded to progress but what has been inspired by it. The great teacher of teachers, the master mind of Greece, perhaps of all the world, Pluto, predicted the time when "The author of primitive order will appear again and assume the reins of empire. He will change, amend, embellish and restore the whole frame of nature, and put an end to decay, disease and death."

But it may be urged: "These visions of the heathen seers were vague, indefinite, general, while predictions of the Jews were concise, specific, accurate descriptions of him who was born at Bethlehem and died on Calvary." Now, whatever preconceived notions you may cling to in reason or out of reason, there are certain facts bearing upon this assumption that should be recognized.

The first is that the word "Messiah" as used in the Old Testament is not a proper noun, but rather is it an indefinite term that represents the "anointed." It is equivalent to the Greek "Christo," the christened. The New Testament never speaks of Jesus Christ. It is always "Jesus the Christ." "Jesus" again, in its Hebrew form, is "Joshua," and before it became a proper name it probably meant a savior, the high word that represents the anticipations of humanity.

In the second place there is no single "Messianic expectation," so called, in the Old Testament. The hope is not uniform, the ideal was not stereotyped, the predictions are not consistent. Micah and Isaiah felt as a few did in the time of Jesus, as many do today, that the burning and disturbing ideals of the hour are to be cast in permanent colors upon the canvass of the future. Other prophets saw the coming prince clothed in regal splendor; still others waited for a national warrior, a hero chief, some second Joshua who would put himself at the head of an army with swords and shields that would compel surrounding nations to confess the glory of Jehovah. Some waited for some high priest with cleaner hands and purer heart than his predecessor to clothe the altars with new dignity and power; some, yielding to the unbridled vision, longed for a wild iconoclast, some weird Elijah, some haunter of the desert robed in hair shirt. Most of them, perhaps, looked for some child of culture, of refinement, of aristocratic ancestry, a prince of the royal lineage, a scion of the house of David. All along, as in the era of Jesus, there doubtless were a few, like the waiting Simeon and the expectant Mary, who pondered in silence the divine mystery and were ready to welcome nobility even though it were manger-born.

This is not the time and place to discuss specific passages. Abundant helps for such study are at hand. Such study, frankly pursued, will, I believe, inevitably lead the student to the conclusion that the Old Testament writers had no one messianic dream; that they all looked for something that did not happen; they waited for one who has never come. Short was the career of the Jewish kingdom. Jehovah's anointed sat enthroned at Jerusalem over an United Kingdom only during the fitful life of three kings, Saul, David and Solomon. The proud dream of arrogant politics vanished, but some of the faithful hoped for a return. Joel, Zephaniah, Nahum and Habakkuk seemed to look for another Jewish king, one with the wisdom of Solomon and the glory of David perfected. When the people groaned under weak and corrupt rulers, they yearned for the reign of the righteous, the rule of equity. When they were sore oppressed by foes from without, they preyed for one who would scourge the Assyrians, turn back the Babylonians and defy lesser but nearer neighbors. When they languished in exile, they looked for one who would restore to them their native land. When the tread of the great Alexander made the eastern world tremble, when the Roman power overrode their faith and superstitions with equal indifference, again the prayer was for a triumphant prince, a wonderful potentate. Only here and there is there an insight to clear the outlines of the foresight that saw, like the great unknown prophet, the so-called "later Isaiah," that real victory would be won only through suffering, that God's truly anointed must be scourged, "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and one acquainted with grief." But these passages refer to the redemption of Israel, not the wide world, as understood by modern thought. If their dream was personalized at all, which it seldom was, it was a savior of the Jews and not a savior of the world, or at least it was the saving of the world by means of and through a re-established Jewish kingdom.

Thus it is that I am forced to regard this messianic dream of Hebrew literature as a part of the universal yearning for better things; that groping toward the future that is the anthem of evolution in all the departments of nature; it is but one of the radiant beams belonging to the beacon star of progress.

Now how happen these prophecies and whence comes this foresight? I will not for a moment believe that they are only happy guesses, chance hits in the Bible or out of it. I prefer to believe that they are the workings out of the great algebraic problems of ethics, great shadows casting their events before across the souls of the wise. They are the secrets of God made known to the Godlike, not whispered to the outward ear, like passwords at a lodge door, but divine presentiments of coming glory or shame rising in the sensitive soul of man. "Men who have loved much, felt strongly, see farther than others. Second sight is little more than clearness of sight," said Charles Sumner, and he himself verified his hypothesis more than once. Law governs the realm of spirit as of matter, and he who can weigh forces and measure lines in the one realm as in the other, can safely anticipate the result. Adams in England and Leverrier in France, perhaps others, simultaneously predicted the existence of an undiscovered planet, and when the Berlin astronomer was asked to look at the given point, lo! it was there waiting for him. Whewell predicted that there was a point in the North Sea where there was neither rise nor fall of tide. Captain

Hewitt of the Royal navy went out to see and found that it was so. Tyndall lying in his tent, divined the secret of the glacier, then, climbing the mountain, set his stakes and verified his prophecy. These facts indicate the foundation of prophecy in the realm of morals and religion and human society as in the realm of ethics. There is a gravitation of the human soul as well as of the atom, laws that run through the expanse of humanity as through heaven and these forces can be trusted and counted upon. They are fixed in morals as in physics. Messianic expectations and all the prophetic visions of the seer are but the foresights of the business man applied to the permanent concerns of soul. He who erected the first grocery on the bank of the muddy stream that poured itself into yonder lake, prophesied Chicago. He is a type in the lower realms of him who when life was muddy all about him, cried, "Prepare ye the way of Jehovah. Make straight in the desert a highway for God, for He will send His messenger. He will pour His spirit upon him and He will make the wilderness a fruitful field."

I have not labored to break down your faith in the prophets of old. On the eve of this Christmas season I would have you believe more than ever in the Messianic mission of him of Nazareth. He did come in the fulness of time. He took the old prophets at their word. He was better than they thought, greater than they dreamed of. He and they are products of a great law planted by the living God deep in the subsoil of human nature. Their songs of hope belong to the canticles of nature. The radiance on their face has pierced the darkness of human despair and penetrated the mists of human solitude everywhere. Still the Christly expectancy is greater than the Christly realization and out destiny is bound up in our audacity, the fearless way in which we will plunge forward, doing the hard things, breaking with the conventional, grappling with the ideal. Only the fish that swim in subterranean rivers are blind. Only dying nations look backward. The earnest expectations of the enthusiast, whether in the Bible or out of it, are the promissory notes of the Almighty and they are redeemable at His bank whenever presented and properly countersigned. The dullest, coarsest and most lawless period in the history of the Jews was the period when they deemed the traditions of Moses adequate to the occasion. Read the Book of Judges and grow sick over it. Not until Samuel and his successors began to dream dreams and see visions, did they begin to grow. Complacency is next door to rottenness and death. Unless you have unrealized hopes, glimpses of unpainted pictures; unless you are looking for divine embodiments of God's spirit still to come, you may depend upon it you will soon be in the way. I would rather be an old-fashioned Jew still waiting for his Messiah, plotting to retake Zion, than to be an old fashioned Christian who believes that the Lord of heaven has arrived and that an adequate Savior was born nineteen hundred years ago and died thirty-three years after that, and that there is nothing more to be expected out of God's book of revelation, that the infinite resources were exhausted at that time. One to-morrow is worth a thousand yesterdays. For eighteen hundred years the Jews have been homeless, but they have not been hopeless, and so they have lived. Paul was a Jew and in the line of the prophets when he exhorts us "to forget the things that are behind, to press forward to the things that are before." Jesus himself proves that he was the flowering of a prophetic hope in the fact that he himself was still a hoper, He was a forward looker. His message was "Let the dead bury their dead. Follow me into the severities, the obscurities and perplexities of the future."

Let us not mistake this great Christmas message of the prophets. It is not wishing, it is working. It is not longing, it is striving. There are plenty of mean men who do a great deal of wishing, stingy men who are lavish with their hopes. There is a lot of pious ecstacy that is unprofitable; a readiness to "wait upon the Lord" instead of working out the Lord's will in sweat and self denial. He who in the interests of the kingdom to come goes about advising everybody not to overwork, not to try to do too much, not to venture on up-hill tasks, not to exact severe service, may believe in all the Messiahs that have ever been proclaimed and still be a blight. There is the hopefulness of apathy, the cheerfulness of selfishness, the blight of laziness. All these are symptoms of death, the death rattle of the spirit. These are ever ready to announce a sky-born Messiah. But he is a delusion and a debility. Only the Messiah that rises as an armed energy, a self sacrificing spirit and a consecrated worker, is the Messiah that comes in the prophetic line.

There is great truth in the claim that the Jews did not recognize their own Messiah. The human heart seldom does. We do not get what we expect, we get something better. God's bounty overflows our waiting cups. His deliberation overreaches our impetuosity: The divine realizations are greater than human anticipations. The Christmas toy, the coveted picture, the "good position," the "easy living," education granted, still the Messiah waits. Companionship, sympathy, love, are ours, still the beatific vision is not attained. Dream after dream is realized, still we are not satisfied. God uses us for a larger mission than our little jobs would indicate. Let us never distrust the forward beckonings. The simplicity of Eden, if it ever was, is not for us. No backward looking across the centuries will reproduce the incidents at the well, at Bethany or in the upper chamber. The star that stood o'er Bethlehem has moved on. The wise men are still westward bound. He who would find Jesus must turn away from Jesus, pause in the flippant pronunciation of the name if you would realize the secret presence. You may stand in the footprints of your fathers until you are gray and never a paternal strength will visit you. You must take up the line of march and move onward if you would know their strength. Not what they have done, not what you are willing to let others do for you, not even what you have done, not yet what you are now doing, but the bigger thing you are going to do, God letting you, is the measure of your life. Rome, struggling for universal dominion, grew. Rome, proud in the possession of the same, died. If you would enter into the secrets of the power of Jesus, know the potency of the helpers of the world. They alone are sons and daughters of the King who are comforted by their aspirations, who are measured by their purposes, who say:

"All instincts immature,
All purposes unsecure,
That weigh not as his work, yet swell the man's amount;
* * *
All, I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I am worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

Fragments.

Large loaves of good to one man's portion fell;
Fair fruit and flowers his garden always bore;
Unhappy and forlorn in all his wealth,
His life was spent in restless search for more.

Some fragments to his neighbor's portion fell,
Flower fragrance the wind wafted o'er her wall;
In fullness of content and thankful joy,
Her life was rich, owned nothing, yet had all!

—*Janet Remington in N. Y. Observer.*

The Study Table.

Our Christmas Book-table.

Very beautiful is the sunset task of a busy man—to set to rights his literary treasures and to edit the definitive edition of his work for the benefit of those he leaves behind. It is hard for us to think of Edward Everett Hale as settling to such a task, but right cheerfully does he undertake it, as we read in the preface of Volume I of the Library Edition of his work, just out from the press of Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Properly enough, the first volume is entitled, "The Man Without a Country," and such as nine other stories of them: "My Double," "His Level Best," "The Children of the Public," "Being Among Them." And then here is the author's note on "The Man Without a Country;" how he did it all. We have some hint of the scheme of rearrangement where the chronological order is disregarded. "Philip Nolan's Friends" is the only long story he proposes to preserve, because "the public did not like them as well as I did, I believe," and still we can hardly see why he should think this when he tells us "that 'East and West' ran up to a million copies."

But who will dare comment on Edward Everett Hale? There is nothing to do but be glad over this promised edition, admirable in its workmanship; to be glad that Edward Everett Hale has lived to do his many-sided work, and to be glad that he is still so much alive in his seventy-sixth year and that the prospects are bright for his abiding with us a long time yet.

**Doctor Paul Carus has made for himself an enviable place in the literary and religious world as a popular interpreter of Buddhism. His "Gospel of Buddha," on account of its happy condensation of the main doctrines of Buddhism, gathered from the cumbersome Buddhistic scriptures, has been introduced as a text book in the Buddhist seminaries of Japan, has been translated into Japanese and Chinese and has been welcomed by the students of America and England. What that book has done for the literature of Buddhism, the "Scenes from the Life of Buddha," just from the press of the Open Court Publishing Company, does for the art of Buddhism. It presents eight or ten reproductions from the paintings of one Yamada, a professor in the Imperial Art Institute of Tokyo, illustrative of various incidents in the life of Buddha. While there is an element of grotesqueness sometimes in the perspective and the countenances are not such as would be considered attractive by our western eyes, there is in these pictures a great amount of expression, and the coloring is most striking and the tinting marvelous.

***Subscription books do not often come within reach of our study table. As a rule, also, they are for the expensive book buyer on the one hand, or for the unguarded victims of the book agent. In "True Stories of Renowned Men and Women," published by the Monarch Book Company of Chicago and Philadelphia, we have an exception to both these laws, a book honestly written on living subjects with illustrations, while not very artistic, really illustrative, many of them being photographs from life. The paper is plain and the binding, with the few colored plates of such a kind as will attract children. The topics contain twenty-three names, ranging from George Washington to Florence Nightingale, including such names as Grant, Lincoln, Longfellow, Gladstone, Edison, Nansen, Clara Barton, Susan B. Anthony and Frances Willard. The book has been written by Miss Evelyn H. Walker, a familiar name to UNITY readers. Some years ago she was engaged on the UNITY staff and has been associated with the editor-in-chief in his work for several years. Her work is honest, earnest, vivid, filled with that enthusiasm that children will catch. We have not met a better book for a long time for the fireside table, around which growing children gather.

* Works of Edward Everett Hale. Library edition, Vol. I. Little Brown & Co., Boston, p. 397. $1.25.

** Scenes from the life of Buddha, reproduced by paintings by Professor Keichyn Yamada of the Imperial Art Institute, Tokyo, Japan The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $2 50.

***"True Stories of Renowned Men and Women for the Young People of America." By Evelyn H. Walker. Monarch Book Company. Can be obtained through Alfred C. Clark & Co., 185 Dearborn street, Chicago. pp. 314. $1.50.

A Handful of Pamphlets.

Here is a pamphleted sermon from Santa Barbara, Cal., by Rev. F. F. Dinsmore of Unity Church, on "The Moving Finger of Omar Khayam." The preacher argues deep, and in three attempts with apologies ventures to answer the old Persian poet in his own style as follows:

> "The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit,
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.
>
> "The Moving Finger writes, but what is writ
> Depends upon ourselves; and since nor wit,
> Nor piety, nor tears can change a line,
> We should select with care each word of it.
>
> "The Moving Finger writes, but what is writ
> Is first determined by my own sole wit:
> Then I may leave that which, in every line,
> Shall give me pride in every word of it.
>
> "The Moving Finger writes, and by no power
> Shall what it writes be blotted from the scroll.
> Then will I make the record, every hour,
> Reveal the upward movement of my soul."

A Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has published and is generously circulating the address by George S. Boutwell, first given before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, on "Problems Raised by the War," and it is one of the strongest words yet spoken on the unpopular side of the annexation question. Those who think the annexation of the Philippines a simple and clear duty will do well to study this pamphlet, copies of which can doubtless be obtained for two cents per copy by addressing the above organization, 264 Boylston Street, Boston.

"Charles Sumner's More Excellent Way," a reprint from the Editor's Table of the *New England Magazine* for October, is a wise word at the present time, concerning wars, standing armies and navies. Edwin D. Mead is a man worth listening to.

The officers and members of company D of the Thirty-second Michigan did well to publish in handsome pamphlet the Welcome Home Address delivered to them by Rev. S. J. Stewart of Battle Creek, from his pulpit on Sunday morning, November 13th. His subject was "A Welcome and the Call to Other Duty and Privilege." We like the elongated subject. The welcome home was inevitable. That word was easily spoken, but the welcome to other duty and privilege is not so often spoken or so easily stated. The preacher shows how big a task is yet undone and well closes with:

> "While we welcome you home we also make an appeal for an enlistment in the noble army of life. As to your past, 'well done;' as to your future, 'come and help us.'"

The proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting of the Illinois Conference of Charities held at Jacksonville in November, 1897, like most other documents that pass through the state departments, is belated.

It appeared only in time for distribution at the third annual meeting recently held in Kankakee, but the pamphlet now commends itself not only to those interested in the problems of pauperism, dependent children and crime everywhere. Copies can be had for the asking by writing to the State Commissioners of Public Charities, Springfield, Illinois.

If anybody wants to know what the Consumers' League proposes to do and some of the results they can find no more direct answer in short space than to send for Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell's account of the same, published by the Christian Social Union, 1 Joy Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Single copies, ten cents.

Gleanings From E. P. Powell's Table.

I am going to make a break with ordinary book reviewing, by giving you a slice out of the introductory chapter of a volume published by T. Y. Crowell of New York, and written by Charles F. Dole. Most of us know Mr. Dole. He says:

"If I am an optimist, my optimism has not come to me easily; it is not one sided or negligent of facts. It is not the product of fortunate and exceptional circumstances. It has been taught with a price; it has been urged upon me through all the varied lessons of life. It is not merely the outcome and summary of my religion, but it is the net result of the questioning and the thought of a naturally sceptical mind. I have endeavored to test and try it. I have never feared to bring strain and pressure upon it. In my case it is no mere order of buoyant youth, but the growth of years.

"I have watched the working of this bold optimist in a considerable number of other men's lives, under different forms of faith, and in some instances even where its possessors, being somewhat shy of religious terms and pious phraseology, have hardly been aware that in their habitual attitude of good temper, friendliness, unwavering honesty, disinterested and unselfish activity, they have been living precisely as intelligent men would live in a good universe, and have been illustrating in their lives what veritable religion is, more than their words would allow.

"I have also tried other ways of thought and found them to fail altogether. I have observed that while optimism is always challenging and urging us to be consistent and thorough-going in our faith in it, pessimism, on the contrary, can never be consistently applied; but in all the highest moments of life, the pessimist must act like an optimist, must face the way of hope and progress, must trust in truth, in duty, in love and in goodness, as if they were indeed eternal."

And the charm of it is, that I can quote one hundred more passages from the book equally good or better. But they could not be taken out of their association with other passages without doing them injustice. The book is a complete antidote to those who are extremists in running with the drift; and yet with a cool, calm, logical sentiment does not hesitate to move along the lines that God and the times direct. It has already reached the third thousand, and the people will not get too many when it comes to the three hundred thousand.

The world is full of tenative efforts to solve the social problem, and some of these efforts are extremely good, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Dole's book. A very good small book or tractate comes to us from Charles H. Kerr & Company of Chicago, the work of Dr. C. W. Wooldridge. It is entitled "The Kingdom of Heaven Is at Hand." It is a text-book of "the better civilization within reach, which is identical with the Kingdom of Heaven as it was proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth," It is a bold and capital handling of economics and theology and is thoroughly suggestive in every line. We may not agree with some of his propositions, but it is a very creditable effort to clear the way for a better state of society and a higher conception of humanity. It is a helping book.

The time has come when we are capable of a new view of Jesus. Renan greatly helped to prepare the way by his poetry; as Straus by his logic. In The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, from Edmond Stapfer, we have a very marked addition to this helpful literature. Taken with his two previous books, "Jesus Christ Before His ministry," and "Jesus Christ During His Ministry," we have a study of Jesus I think so far unequaled. The books have more than the charm of Renan, because the latter so reveled in the picturesque that his poetry intoxicated us. In his preface Stapfer says, "Thanking God that I have been able to complete this task, I ask of Him that it may do good; that it may contribute to the instruction and edification of souls, by making them acquainted with Christ, who is perhaps more living and more real than he whom they have until now adored and served."

The whole book is written in the spirit of the prophet or seer—a spirit that is well sustained; and where sustained has always wonderful power of carrying conviction to the minds of readers. The conclusions which the author draws are the following six: 1. There were appearances of Jesus, sometimes uncertain and unrecognizable, and always followed by disappearances. 2. He had a body called "glorified" or "spiritual;" and we are absolutely ignorant of what that is—we only know that it is not the earthly body. 3. The Risen Christ dies no more; he has then no organic life, and his body performs no physiological function whatever. 4. God revealed his Son *in* St. Paul. In the Apostle's experience, therefore, to the exterior vision, which dazzled his sight, there was a corresponding inner revelation of which his soul was the theater. 5. None of Jesus' adversaries saw him after His death; His disciples alone saw Him. 6. The succession of the appearances and their number cannot be perfectly established." I recommend this volume to readers of NEW UNITY as of the highest worth. It is published by Charles Scribners' Sons of New York.

Three delightful little books lie before me from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago. "Maria Felicia," a Bohemian story that cannot fail to delight the lover of a thoroughly simple and beautiful story. It is wholesome and helpful. "Florida Alexander," a Kentucky girl, is an exceedingly good story of Southern life. But the book that most attracts me is "The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys." I call this one of the best stories for boys that I have read in many a day. The moral key is of the highest. It is a practical book, a very possible book, and one that should be in the hands of tens of thousands of our school boys,—girls, too, for that matter. It avoids entirely establishing the false ideal of glory and honor and wealth and position. The Widow O'Callaghan's boys are most shrewdly trained up to believe that work is in itself a glory; and that to be faithful in work is the best ideal for a boy.

The University Publishing Co. send me half a dozen more of its Standard Literature Series. Some of these I like immensely; such as "Black Beauty," "Westward Ho," by Charles Kingsley, and "Tales of a Grandfather," by Walter Scott. But when it comes to compressing "Swiss Family Robinson," the thing cannot be done without spoiling the book. These books are most of them admirably edited by Prof. Hale of Union College. His introduction to "Westward Ho" is a capital piece of historical writing.

Two books come from Lamson Wolffe & Co. These are the story entitled "Sister to Evangeline," by

Charles G. D. Roberts. Mr. Roberts is author of a history of Canada, and another story entitled "The Forge in the Forest." In verse he has published heretofore four volumes; all of which have been well received by the public. The present volume, lying beside his story, is "New York Nocturnes." These are short poems of city life. Take the following as a sample:

> Said the sweet air—
> "Since I have touched her lips,
> Bringing the consecration of her kiss,
> Half passion and half prayer,
> And all for you,
> My various lore has suffered an eclipse.
> I have forgot all else of sweet I knew."

Much as I like the poetry of Mr. Roberts, I like him still better as a story-teller. It is my impression that whoever buys "Sister to Evangeline" will never regret it. To me the story has proved not only fascinating, but helpful. It is a thoroughly good and true American story.

It is a curious fact that "In Memoriam" has had to wait until the very close of the century to secure a setting worthy of the poem. At last, from the press of Fords, Howard and Hurlbert, we have an "In Memoriam" every way honorable. The paper and press work are of the very highest order. We have a preface, from Dr. Henry Van Dyke, which is itself an admirable piece of literature. In this we have told the story of the friendship of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam which produced the poem. In addition to all this we have every page illuminated by the charming skill and art of Mr. Harry Fenn. Some of these sketches rank exceedingly high in the way of art; while not one fails to bring out in clearer relief the thought of the poem. I wish, now, that we might have as glorious an edition of Brownings' "Saul;" and a few more of the *inspirations of the nineteenth century*. This is the grandest gift book for the holidays, or for any time, that I have yet seen.

One of the most delightful books of the season comes from the press of D. Appleton & Co., and is the product of our friend David Starr Jordan. The book is made up of popular essays and addresses on the general subject of organic evolution. Dr. Jordan has supplemented his own work very generously by incorporating in the volume an admirable essay on the "Factors of Organic Evolution," by Professor Conklin; another on the "Physical Basis of Heredity," by Professor Frank MacFarlane of Leland Stanford University; and a third on the "Testimony of Paleontology," by Professor James P. Smith of the same university. The tone of the book is the tone of all that President Jordan undertakes, a high uplift of science into the region of ethics. There is a conscious presence everywhere of an author who desires to accomplish a beneficial result. The chapter on the "Evolution of the Mind," is to me peculiarly interesting as well as that on "Hereditary Inefficiency." The chapter on the "Woman of Evolution and Pessimism" will serve as a capital balance against the work of Edward Cope. However magnificent the work of Cope as a scientist he had a mania on the subject of woman. However, it will do every woman good to make a thorough study of this chapter. Dr. Jordan says, "In the conditions arising from an expanding civilization the art of being a woman becomes a difficult one. 'Woe to the land that works its women,' says Lawrence Gronland. But there is equal woe to the land in which women find nothing to do." The volume is a hard one to review. It is a capital one to read.

Another book from D. Appleton & Co. proves to be exceedingly meaty and useful. It is "Recollections of the Civil War," by Chrales A. Dana, who was assistant secretary of war from 1863 to 1865. This volume is crowded with reminiscences of Lincoln, Stanton, Thomas, Grant, and others, and every page is made to be living and of imperishable worth because we have the words of an eye-witness. He says of Abraham Lincoln that he developed into a great military man, that is to say a man of great military judgment. "I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war, and study the writings relating to it he will agree with me that the greatest general we had—greater than Grant or Thomas—was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning; but after three or four years Von Molkte was not a better general or an abler planner or expounder of a campaign than was President Lincoln."

A very interesting book is "The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes," by William Elliot Griffis, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Griffis undertook a thorough study of some questions connected with the Pilgrims; and here gives us the result. He revisited the three homes of the Pilgrims, and made a study of the Dutch language, so as not to take up with second hand opinion. He tells us that Bradford was right in saying that the original Pilgrims started out of Austerfeld (Scrooby), in the very heart of the Danish region of England. It lies mostly in the valley of the Southern Trent. Anyone who is interested in historical research will find a great delight in this volume. The author traces the Pilgrims through their self-imposed banishment, until the Pilgrim republic becomes the type, or prototype of the United States of America. It is getting to be seen that the federal form of government, created by our Constitution-makers, was not a happy discovery of their own, but was a legitimate outgrowth of the work accomplished by the Pilgrims, when they became colonists of Northern Virginia (or Massachusetts).

Here lies one of the most remarkable books of the age, "Reflections of a Russian Statesman," by the Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia, the famous K. P. Pobyedonostseff, and published by Grant Richards of London. The attack which has recently been made on popular government, by Sir Henry Maine, and that by Mr. Lecky, are in no way comparable, for power of analysis, and treatment otherwise, to this work of the great Russian statesman and theologian. There is a wonderful frankness and honesty permeating the book, which makes us believe that the author actually believes popular government to be what he claims, a great blunder and a failure. His attack upon the public press is peculiarly pungent and potent. He says, "The greater the growth of the press, the more clearly appear, side by side with the apparent advantages of rational and conscientious publicity, those social dangers which it creates. One of these dangers is the growth of a class of journalists, adventurers and writers who feed and grow fat upon the pen. Any vagabond babbler or unacknowledged genius, any enterprising tradesman, with his own money, or with the money of others, may found a newspaper, even a great newspaper." A great deal more to the same effect. To all which we answer, on the contrary; the author would have, in suppressing freedom of the press, to establish the authority of a ruler manyfold worse than the cheap editor whom he despises. This as a rule. However, any well educated American out of his own experience may readily answer the arguments which are put forth. They are specious, but they do not cover the experiences of history. We still can say with John Adams, and say it with deepest conviction, "There are three forms of government, that of the one, that of the few, and that of all; and

we believe that the latter, although attended with many dangers, is the best and safest." Of Darwin we are informed, very much as in the language of the great Dr. Talmadge, that "as yet his teachings are not recognized as confirmed by science; and that above all the doctrines of Darwin are most useful to the reasoning of modern materialism." So it becomes necessary for these high priests and potentates to get rid of science, in order that they may keep the people under their feet. But by all means read the book; it will do you vast good to hear the other side of the question.

Mr. Carnegie has once more bobbed into public notice, with a ferocious attack on the policy of President McKinley. The real spirit of this incarnation of benevolence is seen by going back to his pamphlet on "Wealth and its Uses." In that he asserts that "those who are most successful in the acquisition of property, and who acquire it to such an enormous extent, are the very men who are able to control it, to invest and to handle it in the way most useful to society." Does he mean by this to cover the cases of such millionaires as Tweed and Croker and Captain Kidd, and some more respectable names still engaged in active benevolence? We are very suspicious that the pamphlets of Mr. Carnegie must be taken with a grain of salt—all of them. The people do not believe that their interests lie in the protection of millionaires and the restriction of trade to their advantage.

*I cannot do better than to give you the preface of this remarkable book

"This book is written to offer a simple and natural explanation of one of the most common and perplexing problems of human life, a problem which presents itself to almost every individual for practical solution, and which demands the most serious attention of the moralist, the physician and the sociologist.

"To show how some of the worst evils under which we suffer, evils long supposed to be inherent and ineradicable in our natures, are but the result of certain arbitrary conditions of our own adoption, and how, by removing those conditions, we may remove the evils resultant.

"To point out how far we have already gone in the path of improvement, and how irresistibly the social forces of to-day are compelling us farther, even without our knowledge, and against our violent opposition, an advance which may be greatly quickened by our recognition and assistance.

"To reach, in especial, the thinking women of to-day, and urge upon them a new sense, not only of their social responsibility as individuals, but of their measureless racial importance as makers of men.

"It is hoped also that the theory advanced will prove sufficiently suggestive to give rise to such further study and discussion as shall prove its error or establish its truth."

This book is one of the rarest exceptions to the bulk of our holiday literature. It is a thoroughly noble discussion of one most important question now bearing on society. It is a book that cannot be reviewed in a single column, simply because every line is potent in its bearing upon every other; and the logic is imperative from beginning to end. I hope that every intelligent woman who reads UNITY will become owner of a copy and a student of its philosophy. Among the subjects discussed are: "No inherent disability of sex, marriageship not a partnership, house service is a livelihood, women as mothers, modification to maternity, motherhood and economic production, the usefulness of sex, differentiation of sex, sex and humanity, altering the balance of forces, excessive modification, the external feminine unreasoning devotion, women as persons, race attributes and sex attributes, the normal child food and defense, personal profit and sexual relations, etc.

*Women and Economics. The Study of the Economic Relation between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston.

Reviews by John W. Chadwick.

*If this beautiful volume is to be the only one in a series of American Historic Towns devoted to the towns of New England, it is not more remarkable for anything than for its incompleteness and the dubiousness of the choice which has been made. Not but that all the towns here present and accounted for are absolutely deserving of the attention which they have received, but many others may be equally deserving. One has only to know something of any place to know how important it is; how many enterprises of great pith and moment have originated within its narrow bounds. But the selection of towns for such a book as this is not a matter of absolute but of relative significance, and it will hardly be maintained that the dozen towns herein celebrated are the most significant of any on the list. The writer of this notice would certainly insist that Marblehead has more historic interest than Rutland, though Mr. Mead's chapter on that town is one of the most interesting and instructive and the one that we should be least inclined to spare. Its historic interest, however, consists largely in its having been the starting point of Rufus Putnam for the West and for the settlement of that region in accordance with the ordinance of 1787. Portsmouth and Newburyport and Northampton have certainly as good historic standing as "The Cape Cod Towns," which are treated collectively.

The introduction contains interesting matter, but an enumeration of "the greatest spiritual forces which New England has known" that includes Francis E. Clark and Dwight L. Moody and omits Theodore Parker and John G. Whittier. Few of the separate articles indicate much immediate research, but they are no worse on this account. What was wanted for such articles was not a dry as dust but a writer capable of wise selection and vivid presentation and this has been attained in every case. Mr. Sheldon's "Deerfield" is not the work of an original antiquarian, but of one who, while not ashamed to dig, knows how to write. Dr. Hale and Col. Higginson unite in the Boston chapter which is necessarily touch and go. Mr. Latimer's "Salem" and Mr. Eliot's "Cambridge" are done very gracefully; Mr. Sanborn in his "Concord," with something of that vagrancy of manner which is characteristic of his work, speaks "as one having authority and not as the scribes." Susan Coolidge writes of Newport, William B. Weeden of Providence, Whittier's biographer, Samuel T. Pickard, of Portland, and surely better choices could not have been made. If some of the other names are less familiar, their selection for their separate tasks is fully justified by the quality of their work. The illustrations, without being uniformly excellent, are generally so, and constitute an important and beautiful addition to the written portion of the book.

**Here is one more expression of that transitional theology which is of late so much in evidence and with which the pronounced radical is too generally impatient. He would call down fire from heaven on the

* American Historic Towns. Historic Towns of New England. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1898.

**The Divine Drama. The Manifestat [illegible] Charville Rose Pike. New York. The Macmillan Co., 1898.

progressive orthodox "because they go not with us," as if his own thought were not the roughest symbol of the divine reality; as if the endeavor to make new things look like old were not the universal method of change, and as much dictated by generous loyalty to a fruitful past as by any timidity or cowardice. "The Divine Drama" is a very noble book. That is the first and last impression. The thought is generous and exalted and the expression is beautiful, not only in the particular phrasing, but in the arrangement of the matter about which there is something architectonic. A great deal of poetry has gone into the naming of the chapters. Chapters IX-XV are named after the phrases of the Lord's Prayer and constitute one of the most impressive variations on that immortal theme that we have ever seen. The subtitles of these chapters are very happily suggestive, not only of the contents of the chapters, but of lines of thought on which the reader can go wandering at his own sweet will. A good many readers will crave in these chapters of spiritual sociology something more concrete. That they must get elsewhere. The defect does not spoil the presentation here for what it is meant to be and actually is.

How far we are in these conceptions from those of the traditional theology a few passages will show. For example: "Strictly speaking, the whole question of probation is a figment of antiquated philosophy. . . . . God's entire relation to man is not one of judging, testing, experimenting with him to see what he will do, but it is one of co-operation and guidance towards a definite [we should prefer to say "indefinite"] goal of spiritual attainment." Some of the Christological phrases are significant of that rendering of Jesus as at once pure man and perfect God which plays such a prominent and unreal part in the new orthodoxy. "The question of God's manifestation in Jesus is entirely distinct from the question of his virgin birth. . . . . We may admit that He was the natural son of Joseph and Mary without militating in any way against the uniqueness and helpfulness of his relations to men." But there is a fearful lack of intellectual seriousness in such writing as this: "He is not one among many, not merely an individual fragment of the race, but the true type and sum of humanity. He gathers into Himself all potentialities, forces, faculties, powers, which the entire race will eventually unfold. All that man has attained, all that he shall attain, was existent and active in Jesus." This is not thought; it is mere rhetoric, without so much thought in it as there is nutriment in a pound of arrowroot; and that is—none at all. The type is never perfectly disclosed in the individual. It certainly was not in Jesus. Anyone who really thinks about it knows that there are scores of things which are existent in the race, and are its joy and crown, which had no appreciable existence or activity in Jesus. But this immoral rhetoric is very common in our time and it is high time that it should stop.

It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the passage attributed to "the Saintly Dr. Channing," on page 58, is certainly not his. It is probably his nephew's, William Henry Channing. Dr. Channing did not know Confucius as Kung-Fu-Tszee and he never in his life wrote a passage of such rhetorical floridity as that quoted.

*The writer of these verses has a very real gift of song. Her singing has that spontaneous quality which shows that it is natural to her mind. And with the lyric note there is much unaffected delight in nature with a happy skill in putting what is heard or seen into a phrase that gives the reader something of the pleasure which the writer had in her first-hand experience. It is within the range of Mrs. Higginson's delight in natural things that she is most enjoyable. There she is generally happy and communicates her happiness to us, though, here and there, we have something of "the pathetic fallacy" and nature is made to weep and moan in sympathy with the writer's mood. But besides the poems of nature there are those of life; and some of these strike chords of genuine human sympathy and emotion and exhibit genuine aspects of the ethical laws. But many of them, and especially those which seem to be profoundly personal but may be conceived dramatically, are too intensely passionate, and some of them are gruesome to a degree that makes them horrible. There is one poem, "Hate," page 42, which, whether personal or dramatic, ought never to have seen the light. We would advise its excision, by individual owners of the book, though "Moonrise in the Rockies" on the other side of the leaf is quite too good to lose. It is a fact that such a poem as "Hate" soils even the purest in the book. It makes us doubt the reality of the delight in simple things expressed elsewhere.

*When the Birds Go North Again. New York. The Macmillan Company, 1898.

Attractive Booklets.

Of especial interest at the Christmas season are the booklets, combining noble thought with attractive settings, in the making of which Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York and Boston, are noticeably skillful. Their "What is Worth While" series is especially to be commended. The white covers, ornamented with green and gold flower-designs, the clear print and good paper catch the eye, while the price, only thirty-five cents each, ought to carry them into many houses. For so small a sum to be able to obtain gems like Tolstoi's *"What Men Live By,"* *"Master and Man"* or *"Where Love Is There God Is Also,"* Emerson's *"Love and Friendship,"* or Palmer's *"The Glory of the Imperfect,"* makes us all debtors to the enterprise that has made it possible.

Among their later issues are Trine's *"The Greatest Thing Ever Known,"* the "essential unity of the human life with the Divine Life" being so described; Seward's *"Don't Worry,"* which enforces a lesson much needed in these hurrying times; Nicoll's *"Blessed Are the Cross Bearers,"* a glorification of labor and of sorrow when borne in the Christian spirit; Hocking's *"The Culture of Manhood,"* through work, books, friendships and religion; Rogers' "The Christian Ideal," a plea for the supremacy of Christ in thought and will; and, perhaps best of all, Dole's *"Luxury and Sacrifice,"* marked by that author's well known insight and ethical fervor.

From the same publishers comes Dr. Miller's *"By The Still Waters,* a meditation on the Twenty-third Psalm." It is of the comforting and edifying sort, its exquisite illustrations alone being worth the price, sixty cents. Dr. Miller takes the traditional view of the psalm, and finds no "bad verse" in it. At the same price they offer *"Ships and Havens,"* by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., which is in that author's usual vigorous and attractive style, and of course packed full of valuable suggestions. His defense of conditional immortality in the last chapter, making it depend upon desire, as does Lowell in "Longing," is not clearly wrought out, and will not be reassuring to all; though in so far as it enforces the lesson that the nature of the future life, like that of the present, depends upon personal character, its teaching is most wholesome. It is not the subject-matter of this little book, however, so much as its outward dress that will make it attractive or otherwise to most people. Red and black ink, from bold-faced type, cram the pages full, giving the whole a heavy appearance, unrelieved even by indented

paragraphs or small running titles. "The Merrymont Press" of Boston, at which the book was printed, can at least claim to have done a striking bit of work, making an agreeable change from the conventional, but one which not all would care to have become the rule. All these books, and such as these, are admirably adapted for gifts at the Christmas season. W. I. L.

Three Story Books.

*The Young Puritans is the second volume in the Young Puritans Series by Mrs. Smith. A narrative of our country's struggle for existence in its infancy, history made interesting and real, pulsating with life, breathing, active history with people in whom we feel a personal interest. We enter into the perplexities, privations and agonies of our "Pilgrim Fathers" and their little ones—we feel their dread and horror of the savages by whom they are surrounded—we sympathize with their struggle for subsistence and we are ennobled by their unwavering faith in an omnipotent ruler who will in the end bring his people out of their troubles.

These are admirable books for young people's libraries.

**"A Lover of Truth," by Sarah Orne White, is one who "cared so much about the exact truth" the letter, material truth that the essence, the spirit of truth escaped him. He was wrapped in self and the truthful spirit can never penetrate those swaddling clothes. He deliberately won the beautiful society favorite who was born to petting and caresses but who, as he well knew, had "so hazy a memory for dates and facts that she never could be accurate" to save her little loving soul. As might be expected he soon wearied of her and tried to make amends by a lavish expenditure of money, winning the world's approbation and his own contempt. After she had withered away, Adam-like his concern was self. "It has been no new thing, but a long drawn out agony, my gradual discovery of our uncompatibility. You will say I never ought to have married her, knowing as I did that she was so different from my ideal. It is true; but I was carried away by her beauty and fascination; and her sunny temperament. I did not realize that we could tire of sunshine. I had flattered myself that she was so young I could make her over. And then I, who had always believed in the absolute truth, found myself where I had to act a part or be disloyal." Self, self, self. It is the sad story of too many lives, a union founded on fancy and emotion instead of love rooted in deep respect and the awakening always brings prolonged agony and bitter regrets, and the suffering is by no means one sided. Few there are who can realize "I have sinned, I must atone" and bravely face the future, nurturing in the heart pity and tenderness, instead of bitterness and indignation for limitations, limitations of environment of which the poor victim may be only too conscious and from which he may be the greater sufferer. Beauty of form and face are transient. Fine ideals nursed only in self-love and self-esteem are not reliable and enduring. High aims must be nurtured by earnest, unselfish effort. He who struggles for self, loses life's best. He who lives outside of self gains life's best.

***A curious study of heredity and environment in a French youth is Daudet's "Head of the Family." The father gave vent to a passion for building and improvements until he had sunk his own, his wife's and much of a friend's fortune, and had infringed on trusts. Finding imprisonment and disgrace facing him he threw himself into the canal, bequeathing to his eldest son the responsibility of "head of the family." How much of the youth's blundering, worthlessness was due to the mother's easy nature and the father's reckless following of fancies, and how large a part the shock from the tragic death of that father and what to the influence of continually posing as a self-sacrificing martyr to the family while he was really its heaviest incumbrance. How much was due to the imbecile flattery and devotion of mother, brother and sweetheart, who "gave her fortune and all" that he might gratify his every whim and fancy, the author has left as life leaves it, very uncertain. He was emotional, conceited and dramatic, posing and shamming continually, yet his vanity was so unbounded that he was absolutely unconscious of all his meanness. But there came an awakening, due partly perhaps to the sharp tongue of his sister, in whom his beauty and his assumptions only invoked indignation, and when the generous, loyal, hardworking brother was drafted in his stead because the law recognized him as "the head of the family," seems to "have come to himself." He writes his brother from the outward bound vessel, "I am a weakling, and for being that I have the excuse of the shock of our poor father's terrible end. It affected us both but in reality, it injured me far more than you. It made you stammer, it may have injured your eyesight; but it left your will uninjured. In me there was no outward change, but look at the difference? Before our father's death I carried everything before me in school. Yet after it I was nothing but a commonplace schoolboy. I worked as hard as ever, and, perhaps, I was more conceited than ever. Was it my will or some secret force? You know I took the heritage which our father left us very seriously. It is all very well to accuse me of being a sham. So I was, but why was I, when I began so honestly and so seriously to take up my burden?" LL. J.

*The Young Puritans in King Philip's War. By Mary P. Wells-Smith. Illustrated by Bridgman, pp. 373. Little, Brown & Co.

** A Lover of Truth. By Sarah Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., pp. 319, $1.25.

***The Head of the Family. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Levin Carnac, with biographical sketch by Alphonse Cohen. Illustrated by Marchetti. Putnam & Sons, pp. 348. $1.50.

Her Papa.

My papa's all dressed up to-day,
  He never looked so fine,
I thought when I first looked at him,
  My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
  The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
  I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o'glad and sort
  O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
  It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
  That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
  My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
  And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
  His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
  My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
  And can't—I wonder why?

—*Mary Norton Bradford in Insurance Critic.*

A needle passes through eighty operations before it is perfectly made.

Forty-seven muscles are called into play in the production of the human voice.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Lift up thy head,
The lovely world, and the overworld alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves Thee."
MON.—Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man; it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.
TUES.—Is life a breath?
Breathe deeper, draw life up from hour to hour,
Aye, from the deepest deep of thy deep soul.
WED.—All the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.
THURS.—O Life, be Life indeed, true faith afford,
Let *us* cry, also. "We have seen the Lord."
FRI.—What is thy thought? There is no miracle?
There is a great one. * * * Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle.
SAT.—The soul, I ween,
Granted her choice, would dare to change with none.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Empty Stockings.

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy,
Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,
Where the children are dreaming already
Of the merriest day in the year.

As you gather your darlings around you,
And tell them the "story of old,"
Remember the homes that are dreary!
Remember the homes that are cold!

And thanking the love that has dowered you
With all that is dearest and best,
Give freely, that from your abundance
Some bare little life may be blessed!

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,
Where Christmas is naught but a name,
And give—for the love of the Christ-child!
'Twas to seek such as these that He came.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Philip and Paul.

It had been the custom for many years, in the Omro family—indeed, it was one of the home-building principles—that of duplicating the Christmas dinner, or, rather, the materials for it. This second furnishing went to comfort and cheer some chosen and less favored home.

Now that two wide-awake, warm-hearted fellows, four and six years old, Paul and Philip, had doubled the primary number of Omros, the interest in this yearly benefaction was even more than doubled. In this particular year the boys had been given the privilege not only of selecting the recipients of this bounty, but also of making personally the bestowal. They chose, as we shall see, a very original and novel method of doing the latter.

Two days before Christmas they found themselves banished to the kitchen, minus the cook, who "had the afternoon." Their cart and other playthings failed to fill in the allotted time. The storeroom door, by mischance, opened to them, and there, in plain sight, and within possible reach, were the longed-for treasures which their generous little hearts were so eager to put into the possession of poor old Mr. and Mrs. Colton and little crippled Ben, and the brave, good Malcolm, only a boy yet, but caretaker of the other three and himself.

"Paulie! Paulie! Here they are, *all ready*—and it's time to take 'em *now!*"

"We'll just s'prise everybody! That's what Christmas's for!"

"You bring a chair and I'll hand everything down; then we'll load up!"

A little more than an hour later the cook, on her way back, upon turning a corner, came suddenly upon this queer procession.

Philip, blue, brave and shivering, was leader, walking backward, and with both little bare hands steadying, as well as he could, with pieces of string, two large, fat turkeys, very stiff and unpliable, tied to the front of the cart, which was heaping full of all the luxuries to be found.

Little Paul, with one hand holding the "lines" and protecting the load with the other, followed the cart. Each turkey was ornamented with a holly wreath.

"We'll have to go slow, Paulie, for am'als with only two legs never can *trot*," said Philip. If they only could have trotted!

Just as mamma discovered that burglars had not only robbed her home of its Christmas stores, but also of her little boys, the cook's hysterical laughing at the door announced the coming explanation.

Mamma found a way to make it "all right" and Philip and Paul learned how to "wait," even to "do good."

FRANCES B. DUNNING.

Queen Wilhelmina's Party.

Annie C. Kneiper has an article in the October *St. Nicholas* on "Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland." The author says:

Queen Wilhelmina, who, like her mother has brought sunshine wherever she went, has had to take leave of the sunny childhood which has been such a happy time to her. And not to her only! The new Queen of Holland has been a very popular person ever since she was born, and Dutch children never tire of hearing about the time when Queen Wilhelmina played many a merry game with her thirty dolls, and with the little boys and girls who used to be invited to the palace to amuse her; never tire of hearing of her warm love for animals—horses especially—and her admiration for soldiers and all that concerns them, and her great capacity for learning, and her quickness in seeing a joke.

And if the young Queen has by this time perfectly acquired the art of behaving—when necessary—in quite as stately a fashion as the dignity of a queen demands, she is a very lively and bright girl, nevertheless, and there is, at The Hague, a boy who would most emphatically convince you of the truth of this statement, if you were to doubt it. When he was nine or ten years old he had the good fortune to be invited to a children's party at the palace. His mother was glad, but somewhat uneasy, too. Such a very independent and noisy lad her boy was! Surely there was some reason for her being afraid that he would not behave so well as she wished him to. She told him to try to mind his manners, and not to "stamp in that dreadful way," and not to talk too loudly. "And mind you, don't forget to say Mevrouw ['Madam'] to the little Queen when you speak to her." This was too much for Willem, who had been listening attentively, if a little impatiently, perhaps.

"'Mevrouw!' "he exclaimed, indignantly. "I am not going to be such a silly as to call her that! 'Mevrouw,' indeed! And she is not married, and only twelve years old!"

For quite half an hour his mother took pains to make him understand that etiquette demanded the little Queen should be addressed as "Madame." He obstinately refused to be brought to reason. "It is so absurd!" he said. "How can I call her 'Mevrouw' when she has no husband?" The attempt to make him understand had to be given up. He looked a perfect little gentleman, though, when he drove to the palace, accompanied by his little sisters.

Solemn-looking lackeys stood ready to conduct them to one of the beautiful old rooms in the palace, where some other little guests were already assembled, and they were welcomed by ladies of the court. When all the guests had arrived, a lackey, opening a door, announced in a loud voice: "Her Majesty, the Queen!" and all eyes were eagerly turned in one direction.

A hush, a patter of quick little feet, then in walked —nay, ran—Queen Wilhelmina, simply dressed in a frock of soft, cream-colored silk. Willem gave a quick little nod of content. He liked that. She did not behave or look like a "mevrouw" in the least, and he clapped his hands when she said, gaily: "Let us have a good, noisy game, blindman's buff, or—or anything you boys know!" And "noisy" games they had, several of them—blindman's buff among the rest, and Willem thoroughly enjoyed himself, and twice caught the Queen when his eyes were bandaged. "I knew at once it was she," he said afterward, "as soon as I touched her sleeve. It felt so soft and nice, quite different from the others. But, of course, I never called her 'Mevrouw.' I just said 'Koningin' (Queen), and I am sure she liked it."

What Queen Wilhelmina certainly did like was to play and romp and to be merry as well as other children. Perhaps no Dutch girl surpasses her in her love of skating and riding.

Christmas in Norway.

At Christiania, and in other Norwegian towns, there is a delicate Christmas way of offering to a lady a brooch, or a pair of earrings, in a truss of hay. The house door of the person to be complimented is pushed open and there is thrown into the house a truss of hay or straw, a sheaf of corn, or a bag of chaff. In some part of this "bottle of hay" envelope there is a "needle" of a present to be hunted for. A friend received from her betrothed, according to this Christmas custom, an exceedingly large paper parcel, with a loving motto on the cover. And so on, parcel within parcel, motto within motto, till the kernel of this paper husk—which was at length discovered to be a delicate piece of jewelry—was arrived at.

One of the prettiest Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas Day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn door is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom the birds shall make their Christmas dinner.—*The Home Finder.*

Sayings of Children.

A little boy who spent the Christmas holidays in the country found the temperature of his room exceedingly cold one night when he was sent off to bed. Undressing rapidly and saying his prayers, at a high rate of speed, he closed with: "Please excuse me, God, for saying my prayers so fast, but it's dre'ffly cold and I'm in an awful hurry to get into bed."

A little girl in a Chicago church has made a valuable contribution to the new woman literature. She told her mamma the story of Adam and Eve. "Dod, He made Adam and He put him in a big garden, an' Adam he was so, so lonesome; 'n' then he putted him to sleep, He did; 'n' then He took out his brains and made a woman of the brains, 'n' then Adam he wasn't lonesome no more."

Mother and the little ones were away from home. It was storming, and the mother was worrying over the welfare of the father, when one of the children said: "I know what you are thinking about, but just let God see what it is to take care of papa all alone for once."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Curiosities of Literature.

November 27.—Ate my wife's pastry, the remembrance of whom is ready to cut me to the heart.

December 7.—Breakfast on one of my wife's plum cakes. "Dreamed much of my wife last night. Gave me a piece of cake for Hannah Kett; was in plain dress and white apron."

Extracts from the diary of Governor Sewell during his voyage to England, 1688:

Monday, Sept. 19, 1662.—About noon at Sahem. Giles Cory was pressed to death for standing mate.

ibid. during Witchcraft agitation.

February 8.—"Sloop run away with boy and whale out of a good harbor at the Cape. How surprisingly uncertain our enjoyments in this world are."

ibid., 1714.

"I wouldn't leave it to no commission," he said. "I deal with the city, and let them take it or leave it."

"Would you pay any money to the alderman to get the measure through the council?"

"I wouldn't pay no money to no alderman, nor nobody else," said Mr. Allerton.

Interview on the franchise question, reported in Chicago Journal, December 13, 1898.

Resolved, That we cordially and emphatically indorse the present administration, which, under the leadership of Gov. John R. Tanner, has proved itself to be wise, efficient and economical in the discharge of all the public business with which it has been intrusted by the people. We especially congratulate the public on the change in the condition of the state institutions, the reduction in their expenses and in their outstanding indebtedness, and the consequent improved condition of the public treasury and the restoration of the credit of the state, which was so seriously impaired under the late Democratic administration, an administration characterized by labor troubles, riots, murder, the wholesale destruction of property, financial mismanagement, defalcation in office, and extravagant appropriations and expenditures culminating in bankruptcy.

Illinois Republican Platform, 1898.

Mr. Pemberton Leigh, in the privy council, in delivering a judgment on an appeal from the Arches Court, regarding the decorations of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Barnabas, drew a distinction between crosses used as architectural ornament, and crosses or crucifixes used as images for superstitious purposes, and reversed the judgment in so far as it directed certain crosses within the building to be removed. He also drew a distinction between a stone altar, which involved an idea of sacrifice, and table or God's board, whereat the Lord's supper is eaten, and he confirmed the judgment ordering the removal of the stone altar and wooden cross attached to it, which stands in St. Barnabas Church, and the substitution of a movable table of wood.

Contemporary Review, March 15, 1857.

"We unequivocally denounce the present Civil Service Law of this State, and recommend that the question of its repeal be submitted to a vote of the people of this State at the next general election."

Illinois Democratic Platform, July 13, 1898.

"It may also be said that this persistent attitude of the United States toward Spain, in connection with Cuba, unquestionably evinces no slight respect and regard for Spain on the part of the American people. They in truth do not forget her connection with the discovery of the Western hemisphere, nor do they underestimate the great qualities of the Spanish people, nor fail to recognize their splendid patriotism and their chivalrous devotion to the national honor. They view with wonder and admiration the cheerful resolution with which vast bodies of men are sent across thousands of miles of ocean, and an enormous debt accumulated, that the costly Gem of the Antillies may still hold its place in the Spanish crown."

President Cleveland's Message, December 7, 1896.

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—We have recently been rejoicing in the contributions to the civic life of Chicago in the way of the new halls in the Studebaker and the Rehearsal Halls in the Fine Arts buildings, and the beautiful Fullerton Hall in the Art Institute; and last week F. G. Logan sent his check for thirty thousand dollars to Charles Hutchinson for the erection of the Logan Library Hall in the Art Institute, a companion to the Fullerton Hall. At last the temporary structures of the Columbus and Washington Halls, which made themselves historic in the World's Fair year, are to be succeeded by these permanent structures that will continuously refine and enlarge the life of the city. * * * Miss Josephine Locke gave the closing lecture in the course on "Interpretations of Architecture" at All Souls' Church last Sunday night, to a goodly audience. Her enthusiasm was contagious, her interpretations, like Miss Locke herself, were aggressive, confident, inspiring. Miss Locke possesses the personality which belongs to a teacher, and her work in the interest of art in the public schools of Chicago is commanding national attention.

THE RIGHTS OF THE NEGRO.—An interested audience gathered in the First Methodist Church of Chicago, in the center of the city, last Sunday afternoon, to protest against the recent outrages against the colored citizens of the North and South Carolinas. Rev. Dr. A. C. Hirst of the Centenary Methodist Church presided. Addresses were made by Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett, W. F. Henderson and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Mr. Henderson, who made the leading address, is a colored lawyer, who was driven from his home in Wilmington, N. C., a graduate of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, a man of culture and a respected citizen. He told in a simple, direct, but forceful way, the story of the outrages, the deliberate attempt to terrorize the colored citizens for partisan and political effect. The crusade was born out of political exigencies, not out of any inherent incompatibility existing between the white and black citizens. The city was prosperous, the colored people in the main law-abiding and well to do. It was apparent from his address that the remedy is not to come from unjustly taking the colored man out of politics, but by honestly taking the color line out of politics. Let the vital issues of to-day be honestly voted upon and the black as well as the white vote will be divided on live questions; the one will need the other, and the interests of both will be largely identical. Then the better elements in both races will of necessity combine against the lower and dangerous element in both races. If the right of suffrage must needs be limited by intelligence, property or other qualifications, let it be so limited, but the limiting line, whenever justly established, will run across the lines of color, sex and sect. The following resolutions, presented by the last speaker named, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting recognizes in the recent massacre of our colored fellow citizens an invasion upon the rights of many others by their white neighbors in North and South Carolina, an insult to the laws of the state, an injury to the general government, an outrage to the moral decencies and religious pretensions of the world.

Resolved, That the entire civic power of the states and, when necessary, the entire military power of the general government should be invoked to maintain order and to punish all violations of law, whether by white or black; that this power should be exercised by lawful methods and representatives of law.

Resolved, That any attempt to justify mob violence on the part of one class of citizens against another class of citizens is itself one of the most dangerous forms of anarchy which now threaten the states of North and South Carolina, or in any other state of our Union.

Resolved, That we hereby call upon the leaders and representatives of both the great political parties, members of women's clubs, educators, jurists, judges and ministers of religion of every confession to take prompt action that will rebuke past outrages and to make future perpetration of such outrages impossible.

Resolved, That the colored people of the South, brought there centuries ago by their white brethren, held there in uncompensating servitude and emancipated by the strong hand of Providence, working through the military arm of the United States of America, have a right to stay there, to be protected in their inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and to there participate in the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship, and that these rights should be extended to the colored laborers in Illinois as well as in the South.

Resolved, That we deprecate the emphasis of the color line or any other unjust discrimination on account of the color line in trade, politics or religion, and that any qualification of the suffrage right cannot be made to run parallel with the color line. Any intelligence, property or other limitation of the suffrage is debatable so long as it follows these lines across the lines of race and sex.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the civic and religious press; that we respectfully ask for their wide publication, to the end that the principles of humanity may not be further violated and the Christian pretensions of this country be not further outraged.

THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ IN AMERICA.—B. B. Nagarkar of Bombay, India, with whom our readers are acquainted since the Parliament of Religion days, is to be in the West the first two weeks of January and all of February. Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, No. 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, is prepared to make engagements for him. He lectures on "The Life, Thought and Religions of India," some of them illustrated by stereopticon slides of scenes taken in that far-off and interesting country. Topics and further information can be obtained by corresponding with Mr. Gould.

A True Home.

No truer words were ever said than these, "The home is the safeguard of the nation." The true home of earth is an anticipation of the heavenly home. I sometimes wonder if the home which is to be can be a dearer place than that in which mother and children meet and enjoy life and each other to the full. I now and then am privileged to look in upon such a home. It is not a place where things run in grooves. It is not a place where neatness and orderliness are considered as of more importance than the happiness or the comfort of the family. It is a place made on purpose to enjoy, to live in, and to love, and it is only a means to an end. The woman who rules it in gentleness, cares very little about the rigid system which makes other homes as unpleasant as the boy's "suit of Sunday clothes" used to be in the early days of the century. The papers or books which the children leave scattered about are never thought of as littering the room. The chief idea is, How have they enjoyed them? How much good have they got out of them?—*Eben E. Rexford in N. Y. Observer.*

Johnny came home from school, happy and proud, because he had been appointed monitor. "Mamma, I guess the teacher likes me, for she has made a thermometer of me!"

Little William was standing at the window watching an approaching storm. Great black clouds overspread the sky, when suddenly a bright flash of lightning parted them for an instant.

"Oh, mamma," he said, "I saw that funder wink."

SEMI-ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

From June 1st to December 1st, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

Amount in bank June 1, 1898		$ 16 86
Life Memberships:		
F. C. Hegeler, La Salle, Ill.	$ 100 00	
"Illinois Granger"	25 00	
Mrs. Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.	25 00	
Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, Brooklyn, N. Y.	25 00	
		175 00
Annual Memberships:		
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y.	$ 10 00	
Rev. M. J. Savage, New York	5 00	
Charles Haas, Chicago	5 00	
A. G. Becker, Chicago	10 00	
H. Felsenthal, Chicago	10 00	
Miss Juniata Stafford, Chicago	5 00	
J. A. Cooper, Struthers, O.	5 00	
J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn.	5 00	
Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler, Oak Park, Ill.	5 00	
Rev. J. H. Acton, Freeport, Ill. (per New Unity)	3 00	
Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.	5 00	
Miss A. A. Ogden, Chicago	10 00	
S. C. Mason, Chicago	6 00	
Mrs. W. H. Mallory, Chicago	5 00	
Jonathan W. Plummer, Glencoe, Ill.	10 00	
Mrs. Caroline J. Kleinstuck, Kalamazoo	5 00	
W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.	5 00	
Mr. and Mrs. W. C Gannett, Rochester. New York	10 00	
Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Frank, Chicago	10 00	
Mrs. Ida S. Foord, Chicago	5 00	
George Stickney, Grand Haven, Mich.	5 00	
S. W. Lamson, Chicago	5 00	
Adolph Nathan, Chicago	5 00	
Rev. S. J. Stewart, Battle Creek, Mich. (per New Unity)	3 00	
Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5 00	
Rev. F. L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo.	5 00	
Leopold Mayer, Chicago	5 00	
S. E. Rauh, Indianapolis, Ind.	5 00	
George H. Shilbey, Chicago	5 00	
Mrs. Mary A. Emsley, Mason City, Ia.	5 00	
Rev. Josepr Stolz, Chicago	5 00	
Conrad Witkowsky, Chicago	5 00	
Chas. A. Stoddard, Chicago	5 00	
Leo A. Loeb, Chicago	5 00	
Adolph Loeb, Chicago	5 00	
Leo Straus, Chicago	10 00	
Eli Straus, Chicago	5 00	
Chas. Ferguson & Son, Chicago	20 00	
Rev. John Faville, Appleton, Wis. (per New Unity)	3 00	
Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5 00	
Edwin D. Mead, Boston, Mass.	20 00	
Mrs. R. H. Kelly, Chicago	5 00	
Prof. Joseph LeConte, Berkeley, Cal.	5 00	
Mrs. Mary F. Strong, Chicago	5 00	
Mrs. Martha N. McKay, Indianapolis, Ind.	5 00	
Mrs. M. C. Carswell, Dixon, Wis. (per New Unity)	3 00	
		303 00
Brought forward		$$494 86
Miss Hettie Moore, Omaha, Neb.	5 00	
Mrs. Della M. Bishop, Des Moines Ia.	5 00	
Rev. T. M. Hunter, Versailles, Mo.	5 00	
Mrs. E. E. A. Holway, Decorah, Ia.	5 00	
Fred E. Smith, Greeley, Colo.	5 00	
Miss Addie Benneson, Chicago	5 00	
Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport, Ia.	5 00	
E. S. Brown (per Stewart Avenue Universalist Church), Chicago	5 00	
Rev. R. A. White (per Stewart Avenue Universalist Church), Chicago	5 00	
T. C. Puckett, Rock Rapids, Ia.	5 00	
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wood, Greeley, Neb.	10 00	
Rev. T. J. Mackay, Omaha, Neb.	5 00	
Mrs. Mary G. Andrews, Omaha, Neb.	5 00	
J. H. Dundas, Auburn, Neb.	5 00	
W. G. Whitmore, Valley, Neb.	5 00	
Margaret Boyd, Omaha, Neb.	5 00	
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Alfred C. Clark (per New Unity)	3 00	
H. M. Ferring, Fielding, Ia. (per New Unity)	3 00	
Miss Hanna Parker Kimball, Boston, Mass.	5 00	
Mrs. Sophia Rawitzer, Omaha, Neb.	5 00	
H. S. Heinemann, Chicago	5 00	
Miss Annie B. Ford, New Harmony, Ind.	5 00	
Rev. N. M. Mann, Omaha, Neb.	5 00	
Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.	5 00	
Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Eau Claire, Wis.	5 00	
Miss Jennie H. Joiner, Danbury, Conn.	5 00	
Rev. John S. Brown, Lawrence, Kan.	5 00	
Rev. C. F. Dole, Jamaica, Mass.	5 00	
		$151 00
Special Subscriptions:		
Rev. Max Landsberg, Rochester, N. Y.	$ 3 00	
Rev. H. F. Bond, Lynnfield Center, Mass.	1 00	
Mrs. M. H. Garrison, Chicago	1 00	
H. Lusky, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
Rev. Isidore Lewinthal, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
L. Jonas, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
M. S. Lebeck, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
N. Cline, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
Wm. Herman, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
J. Lefkovits & Co., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	
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Frank Thomason (per Stewart Avenue Universalist Church), Chicago	1 00	
Friend (per Stewart Avenue Universalist Church), Chicago	1 00	
Mrs. Mary Newbury Adams, Dubuque, Ia.	2 00	
		$ 22 00
Subscriptions from Societies and Conferences:		
Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.	$ 10 00	
Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wis.	10 00	
Universalist Society, Cedar Rapids, Ia.	10 00	
Beth-Emeth Congregation, Albany, N. Y.	10 00	
All Souls' Church (R. Heber Newton's), New York	100 00	
The Temple, Cleveland, O.	25 00	
Bell Street Chapel Religious Society, Providence, R. I.	10 00	
The People's Church, Chicago	100 00	
Sinai Congregation, Chicago	250 00	
All Souls' Church, Chicago	178 11	
May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N. Y.	26 00	
Central Conference of American Rabbis	10 00	
Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago	10 00	
Tri-City Section Council Jewish Women, Davenport, Ia.	10 00	
		$759 11
Sale Congress Leaflet	25	
Total receipts	1,427 22	

EXPENSES.

Repairing typewriter	1 35
Record Book	1 75
Office supplies	5 45
Postage	34 00
Telegrams	3 03
Printing	82 25
Clerk's salary (part of February-November, 1898)	574 36
Expressing	2 31
Dr. J. H. Barrows (Omaha Congress expn's)	31 00
Rev. E. P. Powell (Omaha Congress expn's)	48 00
Secy. and Assts. (Omaha Congress expn's)	73 25
Rev. I. Lewinthal (Omaha Congress expn's)	37 75
Rev. H. H. Peabody (Omaha Cong. expn's)	62 52
Rev. N. P. Gilman (Omaha Cong. expn's)	45 25
A. C. Clark on acount of transportation to speakers Omaha Congress	31 00
Pres. D. S. Jordan (Omaha Cong. expn's)	56 50
Rev. H. M. Simmons (Omaha Congress expenses)	20 90
Rev. J. W. Fizzell (Omaha Cong. expen's)	22 00
Rev. John Faville (Omaha Cong. expen's)	34 65
Rev. S. R. Calthrop (Omaha Cong. expen's)	60 72
Prof. C. Hanford Henderson (Omaha Congress expenses)	77 45
Janitor's service Omaha Congress	5 00
Expenses of Local Committee Omaha Congress	8 50
500 copies Proceedings Omaha Congress	50 00
Typewriter paper	1 00
Postal cards	2 50
Total expenses	$1,371 59
Balance on hand	$55 63

LEO FOX, *Treasurer.*

A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, *Chronicle* and *The Cause*, who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

Much of the verse is cast in well-used forms, but much of it also is molded into unusual metrical forms, some of them very daintily and musically handled. The sentiment of all alike is finely feminine and refined.

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". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising—the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger—danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid—even if it be but a little—in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them—their proper field—the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

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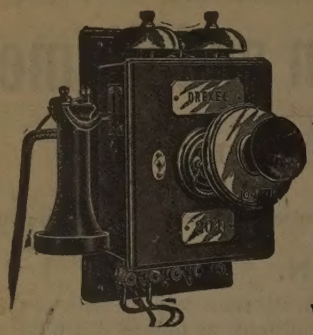

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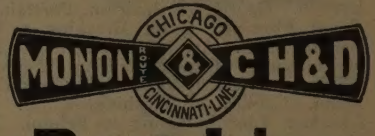

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